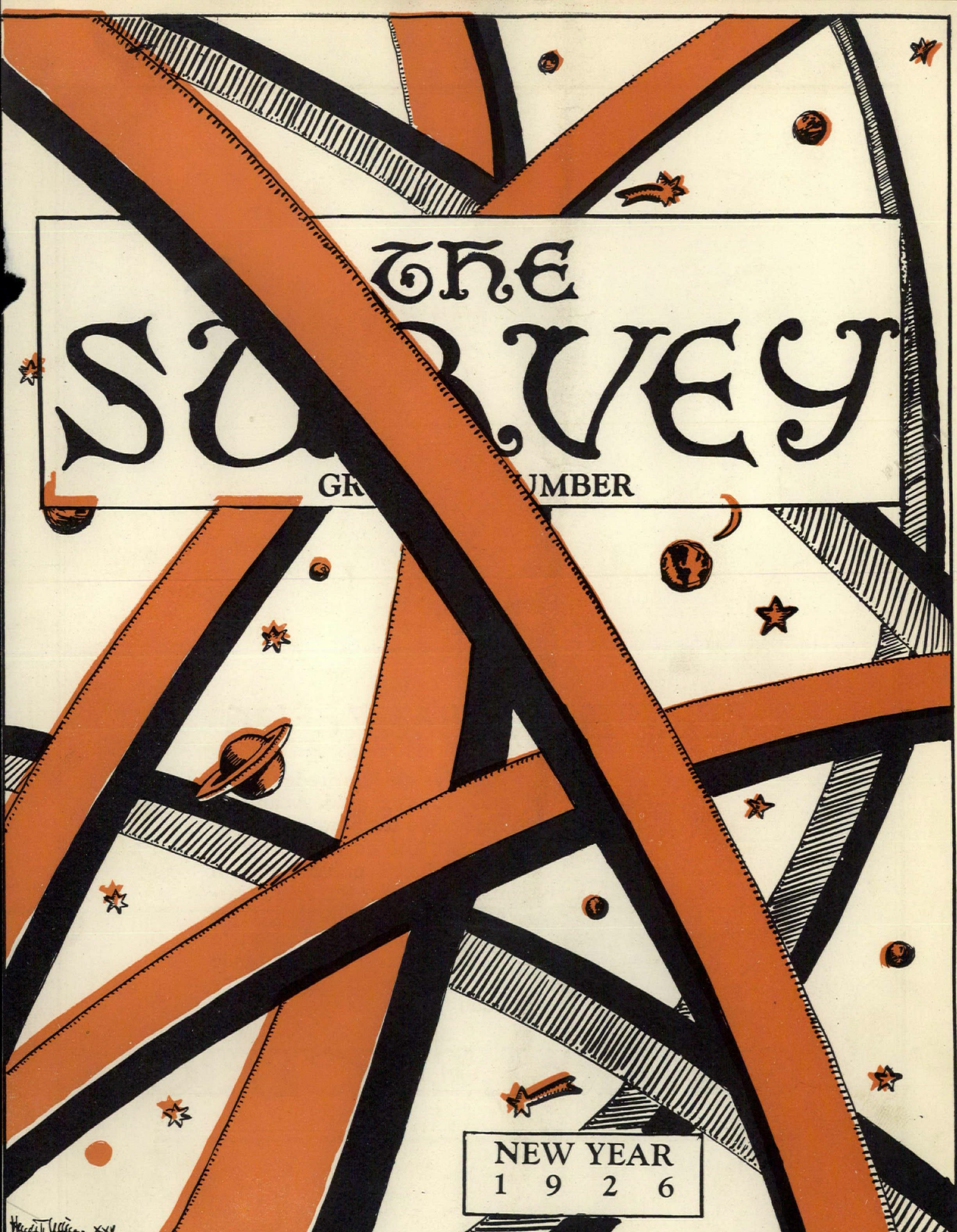

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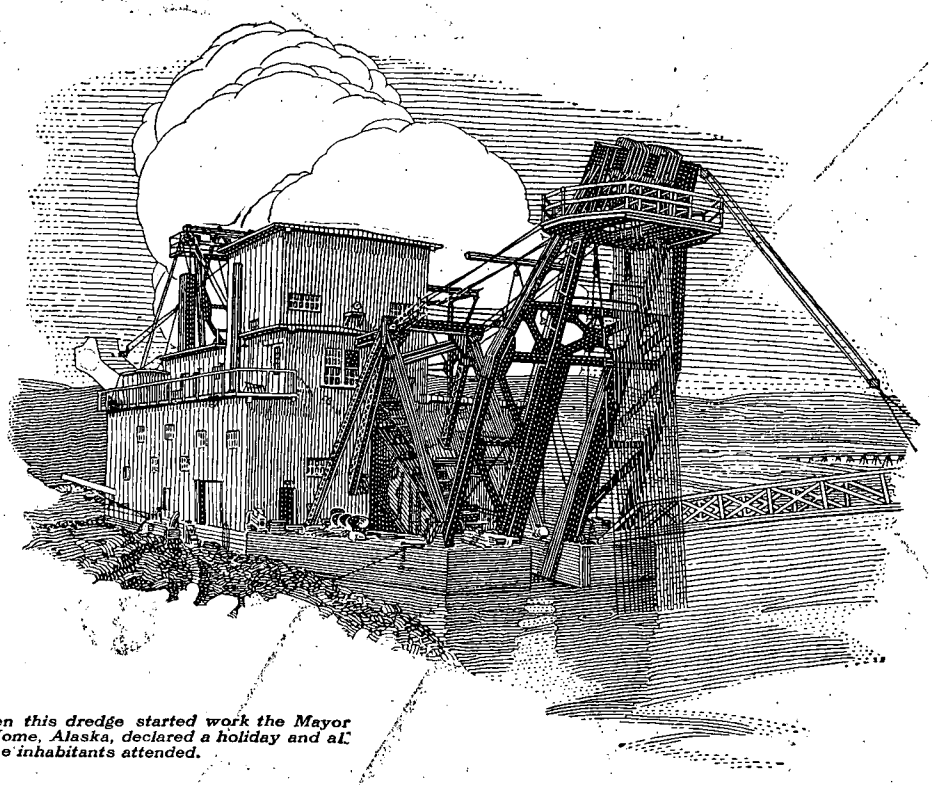

When this dredge started work the Mayor of Nome, Alaska, declared a holiday and all of the inhabitants attended.

The "Forty-Niner" of '26

General Electric supplied all electrical equipment for two such dredges now operating at Nome. A Diesel-electric power plant, four miles distant, furnishes the energy for a total of 592 h.p. in electric motors for each dredge. To cope with winter conditions G-E cable was chosen to carry the power to the dredges.

Massive electric dredges now mine Alaskan gold. At almost incredible temperatures they dig 60 feet deep and scoop out 200,000 cubic yards a month. From the Arctic regions to the Equator, G-E equipment is called upon to perform many hard tasks once done by hand but now better done by electricity.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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CITY HEALTH ECHOES

AFTER reading the November 1925 issue of the Survey Graphic, I want to thank you personally and as executive secretary of the Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Association for this splendid contribution to the fight for health. It is by far the most scientific treatment of city health problems for popular consumption and understanding I have yet found. Though I had read the advance notices, I was wholly unprepared for the vigor and thoroughness of treatment which I found. My satisfaction and admiration grew increasingly as I turned from page to page. It will give me great pleasure to recommend it as widely as possible and to use it in our work to a very considerable extent.

HOYT E. DEARHOLT,
executive secretary Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Association.

IN MY opinion, the article, What You Can Do, stands out as containing a most practical basis for thought in formulating health work wherein it will renown to the greatest interest to a community. The ballot scheme is unique in itself and covers the question of health work in a most masterly manner.

CHAUNCEY F. CHAPMAN,
Superintendent of Health, Lincoln, Nebraska.

I HAVE read with a great deal of pleasure and benefit The Survey for November 1 in which City Health is discussed.

W. F. DREWRY, M.D.
City Manager, Petersburg, Va.

MAY I congratulate you on your issue covering the health surveys of the American Child Health Association published in the November Graphic. I think it will help immensely in informing people about this very significant series of health studies.

MURRAY P. HORWOOD,
assistant professor of biology and public health, Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

EVERYBODY should know the wonderful story of how the general sickness and death rate has been lowered. It should be good news to every citizen to learn that a well organized band of men and women is working, night and day, to make this a still safer country. If you want the full story, you must read the Survey Graphic for November 1925. . . . This issue brings together in one fascinating whole the story of the advances in city health.

ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.,
United States Senator from New York.

SO-CALLED hard-headed people declared that no great change was possible. They held that the poor would continue to die like flies, that the majority must swelter, starve and rot. A resolute few, sneered at as sentimentalists, took up the struggle to give their fellow creatures life. How they fought and against what odds is told in the current number of the Survey Graphic.

BOSTON GLOBE.

HALF the population of this country lives in cities. More than half works there. That permits life, with its possibilities of "the pursuit of happiness," to many millions more than formerly. The earth is far more productive than fifty years ago, yet far fewer workers in proportion need or even desire the great open space for habitation. What makes this possible? One thing only—the development and application of sanitary science. We have acquired what Dr. Haven Emerson calls in the current Survey Graphic "robust cities."

SEATTLE POST-INTELLIGENCER.

A RECENT issue of the Survey Graphic brings to light some interesting features in connection with the relative standing of health services in the cities in this country. In the graphs that are shown, Boston stands out as the leading city in comparison with others that have been illustrated with these graphs.

BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

A NOTE of exultation is to be found in an article, The Robust City, written by Dr. Haven Emerson of Columbia University for the November Survey Graphic, but it is about one matter in which elation is justified. Indeed, all New York is entitled to a share in his rejoicing, for it is of this city he is writing, and what he has to say about the progress of sanitation and public health here is of moment to the entire city.

NEW YORK SUN.

AS A purely economic matter, public health work pays—prodigiously. . . . . Dr. Louis Dublin of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has calculated that had the $5,000,000 Pittsburgh filter plant been built in 1904 instead of after the 1907 typhoid epidemic, "a life-waste of $9,000,000 from that disease alone might have been saved." In the face of facts like these our expenditures for public health still seem trifling, indeed, and the outcry in some quarters against serums and vaccines a mockery of progress.

NEW YORK TIMES.

11-26

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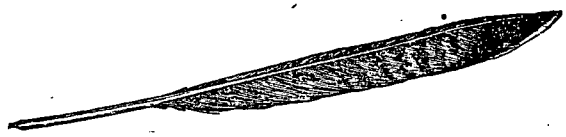

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A Glimpse Ahead

Is It Too Late? *by Romain Rolland*

The author of Jean Christophe writes not on Syria and the Riff—but on what lies back of them; on the great underlying situation south and east on the Mediterranean in which oppressor and oppressed are inextricably bound together. Is it too late for Europe to mend her ways? Where lies the path of hope?

What Has Become of Our Pre-war Radicals? *—a symposium.*

We have lifted the question from Fred Howe's Confessions of a Reformer and linked it with another: "Who are their successors?"

Ethics and the Medical Profession, *by Richard C. Cabot, M.D.*

"It was the power of wonder, something underlying ethics, something akin to religion," writes Dr. Cabot of a hospital scene that the reader will long remember. He tells us what one teacher gave his students in his own college days. He follows the young doctor out of college, out of the hospital, into the community, and deals with his "wrestle with personal relations there."

Schools of the Free, *by Joseph K. Hart.*

Beginning the explorations of an American educator among the Folk Schools of Denmark; the most spirited experiment in the world in adult education.

In Search of a Creed, *by Beatrice Webb.*

The second instalment of her autobiographical papers, My Apprenticeship. A search which she made for a ways in company with her friend and teacher, Herbert Spencer, only to find herself in breaking with him.

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THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

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The Gist of It

SLOVAK MARY (p. 401) and Mary McDowell are neighbors—in that drab district of Chicago known simply, but with a wealth of connotation, as the Yards; the district which Mary McDowell invaded thirty-odd years ago to establish the University of Chicago Settlement, and from which she was chosen by Mayor Dever to bring life and significance into the city's Department of Social Welfare.

THE WEBBS, Mr. and Mrs. Webb, Beatrice and Sidney Webb—however you call them, they have loomed large for many a year in that part of the British consciousness which has faced through, with unparalleled persistence, the facts of labor and the social responsibilities of the state. Mrs. Webb shares with American readers (p. 403) the first of three autobiographical sketches drawn from her forthcoming book, My Apprenticeship, to be brought out here by Longmans, Green and Company in late winter.

PRESIDENT of the Rockefeller Foundation, educator, statesman of science, George E. Vincent has long been known as one of the most brilliant commentators on the social aspects of American medicine. Here (p. 409) in an article based on an address delivered recently before the New York Academy of Medicine, he presents in large outline some of the factors which control the relationship of the physician to society and may modify profoundly the existing organization and habit of the medical profession.

A NEW chapter in the history of "Golden Rule Nash" is set down for the record by The Survey's industrial editor, Mr. Bruère (p. 412). Editorial comment will be found on page 438.

MR. McDONALD, chairman-extraordinary of the F. P. A., begins on p. 429 a monthly department of running comment on the foreign affairs of the United States—affairs which are seen to be less and less "foreign" as our education in world interrelationships slowly progresses.

"WHERE are the wild men of yesterday?" asks Savel Zimand (p. 414), and takes as his starting point in that engaging inquiry a group of wild men with whom he dined once upon a time when they were still wild—men who have since followed fortune up hill and down dale and through strange byways. With the appearance of a dictator and a "Roman Emperor" in Italy, and the clamor for a dictator in France—suppose it should be Briand?—the future of the "wild men" takes on new significance. The drawings which accompany Mr. Zimand's article will be welcomed by many newspaper readers who formed the habit of looking for Cesare's cartoons in the New York Sun and Evening Post that were and still greet his work with pleasure in the New York Times of today.

SUCH is the ubiquity of taxes, and most of all the income tax which comes with equinoctial regularity in mid-March, that Professor Comstock's study of the new tax bill, written from her chair of economics at Mt. Holyoke College, and Mrs. Bruère's scissor picture, cut out on the banks of the Hudson, will come close to the business and bosoms of Survey readers from China to Peru (we know there are some in China, and we have hopes of Peru.) (Page 425.)

THE gentlemen who dip into their own several experiences and bring up their assorted reactions to Dr. Cabot's striking suggestion in his article in the December Survey Graphic (A Plea for a Clinical Year in the Course of Theological Study) are identified on p. 432.

ALAIN LOCKE and Winold Reiss—a happy co-partnership in interpreting the New Negro—come again into team-work on pp. 434 and 435. Readers of the Harlem Number of Survey Graphic (March 1925) will not soon forget the drawings by Mr. Reiss and the articles by Mr. Locke which contributed so much to the distinction of that number. Here it is an African statesman-king who evokes their joint comment.

MISS TARBELL is known for her History of the Standard Oil Company and her life of Abraham Lincoln. She was inviting inevitable comparison with her own best work as one of our few literary craftswomen in attempting to tell the story of steel in terms of Judge Gary. It is not, however, as a literary worker but as a social investigator that John Fitch, author of The Steel Workers, and for many years industrial editor of The Survey, takes up her latest book in a way which is at once temperate and challenging (p. 441).

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THE SURVEY
GRAPHIC NUMBER

JANUARY 1, 1926

Volume LV
No. 7

Slovak Mary Visits the Holy Places

By MARY E. McDOWELL

IF ever a pilgrim went to the Holy Land on her knees, that pilgrim was Slovak Mary, as she is called by her friends and neighbors Back of the Yards.

Some of us know her as Mary of Oravska, a province at the foothills of the Tatras of the Carpathians, where the soil produces a scant living for a hungry family but where the heart may feast on the beauty of the hills. It was among these, and in poverty, that our neighbor Mary developed that personality that has dignified scrubbing as a livelihood and made admiring friends of all who know her. One cannot but wonder how rich this illiterate women's mind might have been if, instead of the Magyars who neglected to give educational opportunities to the common people, the Czechoslovak Republic had been in existence in her girlhood and had established in Slovakia the present splendid school system.

Yet there were compensations. I remember once, when we talked together of the old country, Mary's eyes, that revealed so clearly to all who knew her the rightness of her inner life, shone while she tried to express with her meager English the beauties of her native land. She said, "When I shut my eyes I see beautiful pictures, but my girl, when she shut her eyes, what she sees? Stock Yards!" The little cottage she has been fifteen years buying on monthly payments is in the ugliest of ugly settings.

She was very young when she married; she married unfortunately, and in time she had come with her drunken husband to the stock yard district of Chicago. In the twenty years since, Mary has earned and saved, has purchased her little home and raised her child. There were other children but they had died before she left her native land. In the early years, when she found she could earn her own living and buy her own home, she put her husband "out of the house." Here, in this new country, she found the courage to free herself from a man who had brought only sorrow and no support, but, of course, she could not escape the American way—by divorcing—for this was discountenanced by her church. After her daughter grew to young womanhood and married, Mary permitted her husband to sleep in the basement of the cottage, but in no sense was he counted as "her man." In more ways than one, she lived the life of a nun under circumstances that were possible only for one guided by a power not herself that made for righteousness.

Slovak Mary

Every year Mary would anounce that she could not clean our floors "next week" for she "would go to Wisconsin to the retreat" where for three days she would fast and pray for the sick and the sinning. She returned to us always with a mystic light shining from her eloquent eyes, that at other times were strangely alert and shrewd and ready to twinkle at any suggestion of humor. How often I have watched her eyes and hands become articulate when words fail her! As it turned out, these pilgrimages to the retreat in Wisconsin were but a foretaste of the visions of far-away holy places she wished to make real to herself.

ONE Sunday morning after she had been to mass, Mary of Oravska came to talk with me, and I knew from her eyes that she had something big with spiritual importance to confide. She was a picture in her Sunday gown, black, very simply made, very neat, and the black silk kerchief over her head, and her little prayer-book in one hand. She looked up at me and plunged in, "What you think, Missis, I me go to Jerusalem? It costs money? You think I me right spend money, go to

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Holy Land and Rome?" Then with a great deal of feeling: "Always I think and think I me want to go to that place where my Lord he walked. I go now? Is it good?"

It developed that the Polish Catholics were organizing a pilgrimage to Palestine and Rome that would last three months and cost each pilgrim one thousand dollars. My inquiring look brought the response, "I me money in bank. My house he paid for. I want to go to Holy Land."

At that the tears in Mary's eyes entirely disarmed my worldly sense. When I pictured this holy woman virtually earning her way on her knees to Bethlehem, to the Mount of Olives, I could only answer, "Surely, Mary, you have a right to spend your money for this, your heart's desire."

After many doubts and fears about the journey, she purchased the ticket with her saved scrubbing money. Then came the work of preparing the pilgrim for her pilgrimage; "first citizenship papers" were secured, passport applied for, traveler's checks and even a hat procured. But the hat was to Mary rather a sacrilege; she preferred the traditional black silk handkerchief for her head.

WEEKS went by. Then came the first message on a picture postcard from Jerusalem, a rather disillusioning message, and brief: "It's awful dirty—all Jews here." A message to fill us with a fear lest our pilgrim's anticipations were dulled by the reality. We had all had forebodings that Jerusalem would be far from golden to Mary, but Rome might be the Holy City to one who loved God and her church as she did. We could only wait her homecoming to learn the whole story.

On another Sunday morning, some three months after Slovak Mary had set out, her anticipating friends "back-of-the-yards" were upset by a night letter from Ellis Island, saying that our pilgrim was held for trial on the Saturday following and might be deported as the quota for both Poles and Czechoslovaks was filled.

We had impressed upon her that she must hold tight to her return passage and to the declaration of citizenship. Yet the telegram said, "Held—must prove to be resident alien."

The group of many friends who had known her for twenty-odd years were anxious at the possibility of deportation, for had not many other innocent and ignorant ones been sent back to the old country? Sunday evening saw an unusual gathering at the Settlement: the Slovak priest, the realtor who had sold the cottage to Mary, the banker who had held her savings, the women who had hired her. All joined in sending telegrams to officials and to that blessed "Y. W." officer at the Island who had so often cared for the immigrant women in isolation or distress.

After a week's incarceration, Mary came home on one of America's best trains.

At first our traveler could talk of nothing but the immigrant station and the many discourtesies shown by officials of our government. That they were themselves Americanized foreigners outraged her the more. One of them had asked her if she were married. In her characteristically truthful way she said, "Yes." She told me of the incident. "Missus, I must not lie. I me say 'Yes.' Then Pole he say, 'Your man he got papers?' I say, 'No.' Then he push me back in crowd. I stay all week. I do not sleep. All night I walk up and down, babies cry and children all day on floor. Sometime officer push babies with his foot out of way. I cry, Missus. It so bad.

"Missus, all time in Holy Land and Rome I love America. The Pope when he bless us pilgrims he say, 'I America love. They do good after war. I love Americans.' And Missus, I me love America till Ellis Island, then I no love America. That Pole he say, 'You no sense, spend money for pilgrimage. What good church to you? You foolish.'" With a spirited twinkle in her eye she went on, "Missus, I go work again, get citizen's paper; some day I go again. When I come back I be citizen and then I come back and no stop at Ellis Island."

As time wore on, the experiences of her pilgrimage effaced the memories of Ellis Island. "All the time while I working I me think of the beautiful trip," says Mary of Oravska, "I no sorry I me go. I never forget. I always see those holy places."

The souvenirs brought back to the friends and neighbors were mostly of her own finding, bits of stone from the Garden of Gethsemane or from the foot of the hill where the Cross stood, or pressed olive leaves from the Mount of Olives. She saw everywhere beauty of nature, especially at Assissi, for this simple Christian understood St. Francis.

Mary and her daughter

A month after the disappointing homecoming, our pilgrim was helping me clean house. While I was dusting the books and cleaning my desk, she, on her knees, would look up and with shining eyes tell me of the wonder of her experiences at the Mount of Olives, at Gethsemane, at Assissi, where St. Francis lived and worked with the poor people and loved the birds and flowers. Suddenly, a little ripple of laughter escaped her as she put down the scrub brush and told me how the ladies of the pilgrims' group had to spend much time in Rome hunting black lace veils for their heads, for hats were not to be worn in visiting the Holy See. With a dramatic gesture of arranging her kerchief, she said, "I only tie my black kerchief so." When the pilgrims were grouped for a picture in Rome, Mary was called by the archbishop to the first row because, he said, "This woman is the real pilgrim: she was all ready."

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My Apprenticeship

I. The England in Which I Was Reared

By BEATRICE WEBB

IN the life-history of many of us, deep down in our consciousness, beneath the toil and rest, the sorrow and joy of daily life, there runs a continuous controversy between an Ego that affirms and an Ego that denies. On the course of this controversy depends the attainment of inner harmony and consistent conduct in private and public affairs.

In some minds this self-examination relates to free will and determinism and leads to alternate periods of restlessness and apathy; sometimes it surges round the "to be" or "not to be" of a future life, driving the individual backwards and forwards, from church to lecture-hall, and from unbelief back again to belief; sometimes it fastens on problems of sex or of parenthood, with consequences happy or tragic. Or the problem to be solved may be one of professional ethics; the degree of honesty imperative in business transactions; the measure of truth-telling and self-subordination obligatory on a politician in trouble about his soul; or the relative claim of private clients and public authorities, which the professional man may have to settle for himself at the risk of loss of livelihood.

With some individuals this half-submerged but often continuous controversy changes in subject-matter as years go on; with others all controversy dies down and the individual becomes purely practical and opportunist, and scoffs at those who trouble over ultimate questions of right and wrong, in working out their daily life or the destiny of man. But where the individual has had the exceptional luck of being able to choose his work, or where he has been settled in work which he would otherwise have chosen, there may be set up a close correspondence between the underlying controversy and all his external activities, whether in the home or in the market-place, in the scientific laboratory or in the public service.

Now, it so happens that the internal controversy which has been perpetually recurring in my own consciousness, from girlhood to old age, led me in early life to choose a particular vocation, a vocation which I am still practising. The upshot of this controversy has largely determined my day-to-day activities, domestic, social and professional. This continuous debate between an Ego that affirms and an Ego that denies, resolves itself, in my case, into two questions intimately connected with each other, the answers to which yield to me a scheme of personal and public conduct.

Can there be a science of social organization in the sense in which we have a science of mechanics or a science of chemistry, enabling us to forecast what will happen, and perhaps to alter the event by taking appropriate action or persuading others to take it?

And secondly, assuming that there be, or will be, such a science of society, is man's capacity for scientific discovery the only faculty required for the reorganization of society according to an ideal? Or do we need religion as well as science, emotional faith as well as intellectual curiosity?

In these papers will be found my tentative answers to these two questions—that is, my philosophy of work or life. And seeing that I have neither the talent nor the training of a philosopher, I express the faith I hold in the simpler form of personal experience.

THE craft of a social investigator as I have practised it has ranged from the first crude observation and clumsy attempts at reasoning, to the elaborated technique of notetaking, of using documents and literature, of listening to and recording the spoken word and of observing and even experimenting in the life of existing institutions. The very subject-matter of my science is society; its main instrument is social intercourse; thus I can hardly leave out of the picture the experience I have gathered, not deliberately as a scientific worker, but casually as child, unmarried woman, wife and citizen. For the sociologist, unlike the physicist, chemist and biologist, is in a quite unique manner the creature of his environment. Birth and parentage, the mental atmosphere of class and creed in which he is bred, the characteristics and attainments of the men and women who have been his guides and associates, come first and foremost of all the raw material upon which he works, alike in order of time and in intimacy of contact.

THE family in which I was born and bred was curiously typical of the industrial development of the Nineteenth Century.

One of the eight daughters of the president of the Grand Trunk of Canada (an entrepreneur and capitalist-at-large of mid-Victorian England) Beatrice Potter grew up in a household where Herbert Spencer was an intimate friend. She relinquished the literary executorship of the great philosopher of laissez faire to marry the young leader of the Fabians. The history of Trade Unionism, 1894, by Sidney and Beatrice Webb, may be called the path-breaker of modern scientific labor investigation. Mrs. Webb has written the story of her search for creed and craft in an autobiographical volume which will bear the title of these papers, and from which they are drawn. It should be said that our excerpts from her text have necessarily been made in this country without Mrs. Webb's visé.

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My paternal grandfather, Richard Potter, was the son of a Yorkshire tenant farmer who increased the profits of farming by keeping a general provision shop at Tadcaster; my maternal grandfather, Lawrence Heyworth, belonged to a family of domestic manufacturers in Rossendale in Lancashire, the majority of whom became in the last decades of the eighteenth century "hands" in the new cotton mills. Evidently my grandfathers were men of initiative and energy, for they rose rapidly to affluence and industrial power, one as a Manchester cotton warehouseman, the other as a Liverpool merchant trading with South America. Nonconformists in religion and radicals in politics, they both became, after the 1832 Reform Act, members of Parliament, intimate friends of Cobden and Bright, and enthusiastic supporters of the Anti-Corn Law League.

My father graduated in the new London University, of which my grandfather, as a leading Unitarian, was one of the founders. He was called to the Bar, but without intending to practise. It was at Rome, in the course of making the grand tour, that he met my mother. The financial crisis of 1847-8 swept away the major part of his moderate inheritance; and, with a rapidly increasing family, he had, at the age of thirty, to find some way of earning a sufficient livelihood. His father-in-law, Lawrence Heyworth, at that time a leading promoter of the new railways, made him a director of the Great Western Railway, whilst a schoolfellow, W. E. Price, offered him a partnership in an old-established timber merchant's business at Gloucester. Mr. Price remained my father's greatest friend till death parted them. Ugly, shrewd, silent and kindly, he was for many years chairman of the Midland Railway and Liberal member for Gloucester. His grandson, Philips Price, famous for his adventures in and sympathy for Soviet Russia, contested Gloucester in the 1922 and 1924 election as a Labour candidate of the Left Wing.

Once engaged in business my father quickly developed a taste for adventurous enterprise and a talent for industrial diplomacy. For the first two years of business life he worked assiduously at the Gloucester office, mastering the technique of the timber market. The horrors of winter fighting in the Crimean War yielded the first opportunity for big enterprise. He persuaded the English War Office, and afterwards the French Emperor, to save the soldiers' lives during the winter fighting, by using the timber merchant's brains, together with the depreciated stock in the timber yard, for the output of wooden huts: an operation which was worth a profit of £60,000 to the firm. From that time onwards he spent the bulk of his energy and all his intellectual keenness in the administration of public companies and in speculative investments. For some years he was chairman of the Great Western Railway of England; for ten years, just the years of my girlhood, he was president of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Memory recalls a maze of capitalist undertakings of which he was director or promoter; undertakings of every degree of rank and permanence, of success or failure—from high-grade concerns like the Hudson Bay Company and the Dutch Rhenish railways, to humble establishments for the manufacture of railway wagons and signals.

Some issues were moral rather than financial. I recollect anxious discussions as to whether he ought to "cover" certain misdoings of the financiers who dominated the board of a great trans-continental railway, by remaining a director, which was settled in the negative; and there was a conscientious refusal to accept the presidency of another Canadian railway because he suspected queer transactions in land on the part of its promoters. But purest commercial ethics did not always prevail. The German, like the British government, could not be bribed, but in the transactions with most other foreign governments legislators and officials were paid "for service rendered" without scruple. His successes as a money-maker arose from his talent for negotiating new agreements; his remarkable faculty for finding the exact form of words which would give him all he wanted without seeming to deny the aims of the other parties. Moreover, he believed in the Jewish maxim—a maxim he often cited—that a bargain is not a good bargain unless it pays both sides.

WHEN I was myself searching for a social creed I used to ponder over the ethics of capitalist enterprise as represented by my father's acts and axioms. He was an honorable and loyal colleague; he retained throughout his life the close friendship of his partners; his cooperation was always being sought for by other capitalists; he never left a colleague in a tight place; he was generous in giving credit to subordinates; he was forgiving to an old enemy who had fallen on evil times. But he thought, felt and acted in terms of personal relationship and not in terms of general principles; he had no clear vision of the public good. "A friend," he would assert, "is a person who would back you up when you were in the wrong, who would give your son a place which he could not have won on his own merits." Any other conduct he scoffed at as moral pedantry. Hence he tended to prefer the welfare of his family and personal friends to the interests of the companies over which he presided, the profits of those companies to the prosperity of his country, the dominance of his own race to the peace of the world.

These graded obligations were, of course, adjusted to the law of the land and to the conventions of the circle in which he was at the time moving. His conception of right conduct was a spacious one, of loose texture, easily penetrated by the surrounding moral atmosphere. What he did in the United States he did not do in the United Kingdom. For the circumstances of mid-Victorian capitalist enterprise were hostile to any fixed standard of morality. The presidents of American railways, international financiers, company promoters and contractors, were forceful men, frequently of magnetic pesonality and witty conversation; but the common ideal which bound them in a close fraternity was a stimulating mixture of personal power and personal luxury; their common recreation was high living. Uniquely typical was the life on board of a president's car on an American railway; the elaborate accommodation and fittings; the French chef; the over-abundant food; the extravagantly choice wines and liqueurs; above all, the consciousness of personal prestige and power; the precedence of the president's car over all other traffic, the obsequious attentions of ubiquitous officials, the contemptuous bargaining with political "bosses" for land concessions and for the passage of bills through legislatures—altogether a low moral temperature.

My father struggled against this adverse moral environment; his insistence on his daughters' company whenever he went abroad was, I think, partly due to a subconscious

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BEATRICE WEBB by G. B. S.

This informal photograph, hitherto unpublished, was taken by Bernard Shaw and engraved by Emery Walker, friend and co-worker of William Morris

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intention to keep out of less desirable associations. In his struggle with the sins of the world and the flesh (he was never tempted by the devil of pride, cruelty or malice) he had two powerful aids—his wife and his God. His wife was puritan and ascetic, and he adored her. He had been brought up in the arid creed of Unitarianism and he had lived with intellectual iconoclasts; but unlike his wife and some of his daughters, he was never troubled with doubts as to the divine government of the world or as to the reality of communion with an outside spiritual force. He attended church regularly, took the sacrament and prayed night and morning. It seems incredible, but I know that he repeated the prayer taught him at his mother's lap—"Gentle Jesus meek and mild, have pity on a little child."

AS a citizen of the British Empire my father bred true to the typical political development of Victorian capitalism. His grandfather, the Tadcaster farmer and shopkeeper, had had his windows broken by the Tory mob for refusing to illuminate at the reported victory of the British troops over the Americans in their War of Independence; his father, the Manchester cotton warehouseman, was a leading rebel in the days of Peterloo and as a member of the reformed House of Commons of 1832 he belonged to the Free Trade and pacifist Radical group which made matters lively for the Whig Government. But I doubt whether my father was ever a convinced Radical; and in the sixties he left the Reform Club and joined the Carlton.

The central article of his political faith was, indeed, a direct denial of democracy: an instinctive conviction, confirmed as he thought by his experience of American institutions, that the rulers of the country, whether cabinet ministers or judges, permanent heads of government departments or members of parliament, ought in the main to be drawn from a leisured class; all the better if the property upon which the leisure depended was inherited property. The political and municipal corruption of the United States of America was, he maintained, due to the absence of an hereditary caste of leisured persons standing as trustees for the permanent prosperity of the country, above the struggle for existence, whether of wage-earners or profit-makers. Even more disastrous was the replacing of this caste by political bosses elected by a mob of propertyless persons but drawing their incomes from particular financial and industrial corporations. "The American boss," he said, "combines the ignorance of the laborer with the graft of the company promoter."

But he was always ready to compromise with new forces and to adjust his political program to social circumstances. When once the suffrage had been lowered he became enthusiastic about working-class education. "We must educate our masters," he was never tired of asserting. "If necessary we must send our daughters to educate the masses," was an indiscreet remark at a political meeting which shocked the Conservatives and infuriated the Radicals. Unlike my mother, he had no use for the abstract principles of political economy; his father's old friends Cobden and Bright he regarded as fanatics deceiving themselves and others with wire-drawn logic and moral platitudes. Some sliding-scale tax on corn ought to have been maintained so as to preserve and stabilize an agricultural population. As for "peace at any price," any experienced business man knew that, broadly speaking, "trade followed the flag!"

My mother's pilgrimage through life was a much harder one than my father's. A divided personality reflected in the diverse testimony of profile and full face was manifested in consciousness by a never-ending controversy relating not only to man's relation to the universe but also to the right conduct of life. Her soul longed for the mystical consolations and moral discipline of religious orthodoxy. She spent hours studying the Greek Testament and the Fathers of the Church, and she practised religious rites with exemplary regularity. But she had inherited from her father an iconoclastic intellect. I remember as a wee child being startled by my grandfather Heyworth's assertion that Adam and Eve, so long as they lingered in the Garden of Eden, were roaming pigs, and that it was only by eating the forbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge that their descendants became something more than beasts of the field. What troubled my mother was the doubt whether men and women *had* become, or were becoming, more than pigs, however much they buried their snouts in the heaped-up apples of the tree of knowledge; whether seeking pleasure and avoiding pain did not sum up all human instincts, impulses and motives and thus constitute the whole duty of man.

An ardent student of Adam Smith, Malthus, and particularly of Nassau Senior, she had been brought up in the strictest sect of utilitarian economists. Her intellect told her that to pay more than the market rate, to exact fewer than the customary hours or insist on less than the usual strain, even if it could be proved that these conditions were injurious to the health and happiness of the persons concerned—was an act of self-indulgence, a defiance of nature's laws which would bring disaster on the individual and the community. Similarly it was the bounden duty of every citizen to better his social status; to ignore those beneath him and to aim steadily at the top rung of the social ladder. Only by this persistent pursuit by each individual of his own and his family's interest would the highest general level of civilization be attained. It was on this issue that she and Herbert Spencer found themselves in happy accord.

No one of the present generation realizes with what sincerity and fervor these doctrines were held by the representative men and women of the mid-Victorian middle class. "The man who sells his cow too cheap goes to Hell" still epitomises, according to John Butler Yeats, "the greater part of the religion of Belfast"—that last backwater of the sanctimonious commercialism of the nineteenth century.

My mother's distinction was that she was free of this taint of hypocrisy; she realized the hopeless inconsistency of this theory of human nature and human conduct with her mystical cravings, either with the Sermon on the Mount or with the *Imitation of Christ* which she read night and morning.

THE leased house on the slope of the Cotswold Hills, nine miles from my father's main business—the timber yards and wagon works in the city of Gloucester, where I was born and mostly bred—was in all its domestic arrangements typical of the mid-Victorian capitalist. The building, a plain and formless structure, was more like an institution than a home (it is now a county hospital). The restless spirit of big enterprise dominated our household life. Ser-

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vants came and went; governesses and tutors came and went; business men of all sorts and degrees, from American railway presidents to Scandinavian timber growers, from British imperial company promoters to managers and technicians of local works, came and went; perpetually changing circles of "London Society" acquaintances came and went; intellectuals of all schools of thought, religious, scientific and literary, came and went; my elder sisters' suitors, a series extensive and peculiar, came and went, leaving it is true, in the course of my girlhood, a permanent residue of seven brothers-in-law, who brought with them yet other business, professional and political affiliations. Our social relations were like a series of moving pictures—surface impressions without depth—restlessly stimulating in their glittering variety. How expressive of the circumstance of modern profit-making machine enterprises is now its culminating attempt to entertain the world—the ubiquitous cinema!

THERE was, however, one section of humanity wholly unrepresented in these moving pictures, the world of labor. With the word labor I was, of course, familiar. Coupled mysteriously with its mate capital, this abstract term was always turning up in my father's conversation, and it occurred and re-occurred in the technical journals and reports of companies which lay on the library table. "Water plentiful and labor docile," "The wages of labor are falling to their natural level," "To raise artificially the wage of labor is like forcing water up hill: when the pressure is removed the wage, like the water, falls down hill," were phrases which puzzled me: the allusion to water and its ways giving a queer physico-mechanical twist to my conception of the laboring classes of the current history books. Indeed I never visualized labor as separate men and women of different sorts and kinds. Right down to the time when I became interested in social science and began to train as a social investigator, labor was an abstraction which seemed to denote an arithmetically calculable mass of human beings, each individual a repetition of the other, very much in the same way that the capital of my father's companies consisted, I imagined, of gold sovereigns identical with all other gold sovereigns in form, weight and color, and also in value, except "when the capital is watered" explained my father. Again this mysterious allusion to water! Was it because water was the most monotonous and most easily manipulated of the elements? I enquired.

This ignorance about the world of labor, did it imply class, the feeling of belonging to a superior caste? There was no consciousness of superior riches: on the contrary, owing to my mother's utilitarian expenditure (a discriminating penuriousness which I think was traditional in families rising to industrial power during the Napoleonic wars) the Potter girls were brought up to "feel poor." The consciousness that was present, I speak for my own analytic mind, was the consciousness of superior power. As life unfolded itself I became aware that I belonged to a class of persons who habitually gave orders, but who seldom, if ever, executed the orders of other people. My mother sat in her boudoir and gave orders—orders that brooked neither delay nor evasion. My father, by temperament the least autocratic and most accommodating of men, spent his whole life giving orders. He ordered his stockbroker to buy and sell shares: his solicitor to prepare contracts and undertake legal proceedings. When maps of continents were

From The Queen, August 29, 1891

Beatrice Potter

unrolled before him I listened with fascinated interest to eager discussions, whether a line of railway should run through this section or that; at what exact point the station or junction should be placed; what land should be purchased for the contingent town; whether this patch or that, of forest, coalfield or mineral ore, should be opened up or left for future generations to exploit. And these manifold decisions seemed to me to be made without reference to any superior authority, without consideration of the desires or needs of the multitude of lives which would, in fact, be governed by them; without, in short, any other consideration than that of the profit of the promoters. As for the shareholders' control (with what bewildered curiosity I watched the preparation for these meetings), I knew it was a myth as far as human beings were concerned; it was patently the shares that were counted and not the holders; and share certificates, like all other forms of capital, could be easily manipulated. And when, one after the other, my sisters' husbands joined the family group, they also were giving orders; the country gentleman on his estate and at sessions; the manufacturer in his mill; the shipowner to his fleet of ships on the high seas; the city financier in the money market floating or refusing to float foreign government loans; the member of parliament as financial secretary of the Treasury, the surgeon and the barrister well on their way to leadership in their respective professions.

It remains to be added, though this is forestalling my tale, that on the death of my mother I found myself giving orders and never executing them. Reared in this atmosphere of giving orders it was not altogether surprising that I apparently acquired the marks of the caste. When, in search of facts, I found myself working as a trouser hand in a low-grade Jewish shop, I overheard the wife of the sub-contractor, as she examined my bungled buttonholes, remark to her husband, "She's no good at the sewing: if I keep

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her I will put her to look after the outworkers—she's got the voice and manner to deal with that bloody lot." Alas! to be recognized not as a scholar, not even as a "r-e-e-l lidee" unaccustomed to earn her livelihood—but as a person particularly fitted by nature or nurture, "to give work out" and to "take work in" in such a manner and in such a voice as to make the biggest profit, for (I say it as a justifiable retort) that bloody sweater!

THE masculine world of big enterprise, with its passion for adventure and assumption of power, had its complement for its womenkind. In the seventies and eighties the annual London season, together with its derivative country-house visiting, was regarded by wealthy parents as the equivalent, for their daughters, of the university education and professional training afforded for their sons, for the adequate reason that marriage to a man of their own or a higher social grade was the only recognized vocation for women not compelled to earn their own livelihood. It was this society life which absorbed nearly half the time and more than half the vital energy of the daughters of the upper and upper middle class; it fixed their standards of personal expenditure; it formed their manners and, either by attraction or repulsion, it determined their social ideals. When I turned to social investigation as my craft in life, it was just my experience of London Society that started me with a personal bias effectually discounting, even if it did not wholly supersede, my father's faith in the social value of a leisured class.

Can I define, as a good sociologist should, this social entity? From my particular point of observation London Society appeared as a shifting mass of miscellaneous and uncertain membership; it was essentially a body that could be defined, not by its circumference, which could not be traced, but by its center or centers; centers or social circles representing or epitomizing certain dominant forces within the British governing class. There was the Court representing national tradition and custom; there was the Cabinet and ex-Cabinet representing political power; there was a mysterious group of millionaire financiers representing money; there was the racing set, or was it the Jockey Club, I was not versed in these matters—representing sport. All persons who habitually entertained and who were entertained by the members of any one of these key groups could claim to belong to London Society. These four inner circles crossed and re-crossed each other owing to an element of common membership; this, in the seventies and eighties, happening to consist of striking personalities: such for instance as Edward, Prince of Wales, and the magnetically attractive Grand Seigneur who, as the tiresome tag tells, won the Derby, married a Rothschild and was destined to become Prime Minister of the British Empire at a time when there was still a British Empire. Surrounding and solidifying these four intersecting social circles was a curiously tough substance—the British aristocracy—an aristocracy, as a foreign diplomatist once remarked to me, "the most talented, the most energetic and the most vulgar in the world," characteristics which he attributed to a perpetual process of casting out and renewal, younger sons and daughters falling out of social rank to sink or swim among their fellow commoners, whilst the new rich of the British Empire and the United States were assimilated by marriage, or by the sale of honors to persons of great riches but with mean minds and mediocre manners, in order to replenish the electoral funds of the "ins" and "outs."

The bulk of the shifting mass of wealthy persons who were conscious of belonging to London Society, who practised its rites and followed its fashions, were, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, professional profit-makers: the old-established families of bankers and brewers, often of Quaker descent, coming easily first in social precedence; then one or two great publishers and at a distance shipowners, the chairmen of railway and some other great corporations, the largest of the merchant bankers—but as yet no retailers. Scattered in this pudding stone of men of rank and men of property were jewels of intellect and character; cultivated diplomatists from all the countries of the world, great lawyers, editors of powerful newspapers, scholarly ecclesiastics of the Anglican and Roman Catholic communions; the more "stylish" of the permanent heads of government departments, and here and there a star personage from the world of science, literature or art, who happened to combine delight in luxurious living and the company of great personages with social gifts and a fairly respectable character. To this strangely heterogeneous crowd were added from time to time topical "lions" belonging to all races and all vocations, with strictly temporary tickets of admission for the season of their ephemeral notoriety.

Now the first and foremost characteristic of the London season and country house life, a characteristic which distinguished it from the recreation and social intercourse of the rest of the community, was the fact that practically all the women made the pursuit of pleasure their main occupation in life. Riding, dancing, flirting and dressing up, in short, entertaining and being entertained, all occupations which imply the consumption and not the production of commodities and services, were the very substance of life before marriage and a large and important part of it after marriage. And my own experience as an unmarried woman was similar. How well I recollect those first days of my early London seasons: the pleasurable but somewhat feverish anticipation of endless distraction, a dissipation of mental and physical energy which filled up all the hours of the day and lasted far into the night; the ritual to be observed; the presentation at Court, the riding in the Row, the calls, the lunches and dinners, the dances and crushes, Hurlingham and Ascot, not to mention amateur theatricals and other sham philanthropic excrescences. And when these years of irresponsible girlhood were over, and I found myself my father's housekeeper and hostess, I realized that the pursuit of pleasure was not only an undertaking, but also an elaborate, and to me a tiresome undertaking, entailing extensive plant, a large number of employes and innumerable decisions on insignificant matters. There was the London house to be selected and occupied; there was the stable of horses and carriages to be transported; there was the elaborate stock of prescribed garments to be bought, there was all the commissariat and paraphernalia for dinners, dances, picnics and week-end parties to be provided.

FOR good or evil, according to the social ideals of the student, this remarkable amalgam, London Society and country house life, differed significantly from other social aristocracies. There were no fixed caste barriers; there seemed to be, in fact, no recognized types of exclusiveness based on birth or breeding, on (*Continued on page* 446)

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The Doctor and the Changing Order

By GEORGE E. VINCENT

"It looks as if society means to insist upon a more efficient organization of medical service for all groups of people, upon distribution of the costs of sickness over large numbers of families and individuals, and upon making prevention of disease a controlling purpose"

INDIVIDUALISTS have been described as people who cannot see the woods for the trees, and collectivists as folk for whom the forest obscures the single oaks, hemlocks and beeches. The former think of life in terms of personal aims, rights and duties; the latter seem to regard community or nation or mankind as great organic entities of which men and women are hardly more than constituent elements, cells in a social body. The individualist naturally believes in freedom of the will; the collectivist tends toward determinism. Each theory pushed to an extreme deals with an abstraction, on the one hand an isolated person, on the other an impersonal unity. Both views have value; they are ways of approach to the bewildering complexity of life; they help one to analyze and simplify.

Thus doctors may be looked at usefully either as individuals living their own personal lives, increasing their knowledge and power, demanding their rights, protecting their privileges, helping their fellows, or they may be regarded as servants of society, controlled, subordinated, even exploited for the common welfare. For obvious reasons doctors have been individualists. Until recently there has been no question of their being anything but independent and self-sufficient. Their services have been intimately personal. To them the world is quite obviously peopled by separate persons; no wonder the doctors see the trees instead of the forest.

Just because of this, it is a salutary thing for physicians now and then to contemplate themselves from the social point of view. Society is a useful abstraction, a symbol for the common life, the collective interests which seem to overshadow the individual, and even to use him for that other abstraction, the general good. For the purposes of this article society will be personified and credited with aims, purposes and plans. Even individual ambitions, privileges and rights will be treated as means of social control. So much by way of fair warning.

SOCIETY in order to keep its many activities going must recruit its servants. Careers of many kinds are offered to youth. Only rarely is there resort to conscription. Enlistment is for the most part voluntary. This means that society must offer the inducements which will attract candidates, persuade them to prepare for a given kind of work and then keep them reasonably contented and efficient. It would be a mistake to suppose that society does this with any clear consciousness of what is going on. But in a somewhat hit-or-miss fashion the recruiting gets done.

What are the means by which society draws youths and maidens into the career of medicine? Sometimes family tradition can be utilized. But these are the standard inducements: prestige and social esteem; access to sound training; consciousness of knowledge and skill; adequate income with provisions for old age; a sense of initiative and freedom; recognition for adding to the sum of science and technique; protection against the competition of incompetent or unscrupulous physicians and of charlatans and fanatics; a feeling of professional comradeship and loyalty; an idealism which gives high, human significance to the doctor's part in the social order.

Societies vary widely in the actual validity of these items of appeal. Sometimes doctors think that they are the victims of false representations. So, too, the character of a medical profession is determined by the relative emphasis which society puts upon the different inducements. In a community which sets great store by wealth even medical success is likely to be measured by economic status. Perhaps this is inevitable because the same society is appealing at the same time for recruits for many other professions and vocations. The best ability flows to the careers which society makes on the whole the most attractive.

The promises and rewards which society holds out to doctors have a selective effect. They appeal differently to different capacities and ambitions. In this way types are created. Some men prefer the laboratory to the limousine; others are drawn to salaried posts in institutional services; still others are lured by the high adventure of surgery; the many find their best reward in skilled and sympathetic daily care of sick people; not a few are turning to the task of protecting individuals and groups against disease.

After society has caught and trained its doctors it expects certain things from them; professional competence, for example. It calls upon them to keep up with the growth of knowledge and the increase of skill, to have access to useful means of finding out what's wrong with a sick person and of helping to set it right. Society counts also on getting sound advice about personal hygiene; it looks to doctors for understanding, individual attention and a genuinely human sympathy. It asks for a finer spirit than it requires of any other of its servants, with the sole exception of its religious leaders.

SO long as society led the simple life of countryside, village and small town with diversified agriculture, cottage industries, local markets, slow transport, leisurely spread of news, and so long as each doctor knew almost all there was to know of medicine and its arts, the relation of physicians to their communities presented few problems. Like the lawyer, merchant, and school teacher, the doctor was an individualist, a self sufficient, independent unit in close and neighborly contact with his patients.

But society no sooner settles down to a routine of custom and habit than something happens. A conqueror invades

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the land, or more disturbing still, someone has a new upheaving idea which cannot be suppressed. Then the game of adjustment begins all over again. In prosperous, pioneer lands this is called progress; in older, disillusioned societies people are not sure that it is anything more than change. But whether it be headed straight for a millennium, or started on a slowly recurring spiral, or only doing another lap on a vicious circle, it disturbs the peace, raises problems and worst of all compels a few people to think, or at least to "rearrange their prejudices."

The men who invented steam engines, spinning jennies, power looms, cotton gins, railways, ocean liners; their successors who applied electricity and devised internal combustion engines simply played havoc with the good old times. To be sure the natural philosophers were at the bottom of the mischief with their discoveries in mechanics, chemistry and electricity. The medical scientists, by accumulating stores of new knowledge and making exciting discoveries, also helped to bring in and complicate a new order.

To describe in any detail the present state of society would be merely to offer what *Punch* calls "glimpses of the obvious." A chiefly urban, minutely specialized and highly interdependent, industrial, commercial and social system made up of many groups of varying economic status, racial origins, education and religion confronts the modern doctor with new problems. His former individualistic neighbors the merchant, banker, manufacturer, even lawyer and teacher have been drawn into organizations and have largely lost their independence as self-sufficing units. Must the doctor, who can now master only a part of the vast total of medical knowledge and skill, follow in their footsteps?

THE first impulse is to protest against the idea that medicine is a mechanical process, or a business, that it can be organized like a factory or a department store. To suggest such a thing is, it would seem, to ignore the personal, individual relationship which is a condition of genuinely effective medical care and counsel. It is this very conflict between the call for team-work on the one hand and the demand for human insight and sympathy on the other that creates a perplexing problem.

But, it may be asked, is there, as a matter of fact, a need for closer cooperation among doctors? Which may be answered by another query: can they escape the law of specialization and integration which Herbert Spencer elaborated so remorselessly in his ponderous polysyllables?

It is at this point that the familiar procession of facts should pass across the scene: the enormous increase in scientific knowledge and in technical skill, the inevitable dividing up of these resources, the entrance of the consultant, the development of hospitals, dispensaries, and diagnostic laboratories, the appearance of group medicine, the opening of pay clinics, the growth of industrial medical services, the progress of public health with its salaried officers and nurses, foreign systems of health insurance, and here and there the shameless rise of actual state medicine. It is estimated that eight to ten million patients receive attention yearly in the dispensaries of the United States.

Society has, it seems, been asking for things from the doctors; closer cooperation in focusing specialized knowledge and skill on the sick individual, more economical common use of facilities, some better way of distributing the burden of sickness costs over large numbers of individuals or families, and loyal aid in protecting whole groups from disease. For the rich and well-to-do and for the very poor in large towns and cities society has managed not too badly, but for self-respecting folk of moderate or limited means the job has so far been pretty generally bungled.

THE pageant of progress I have reviewed may easily be misinterpreted so far as organization of medical service goes. Nearly 10 per cent of the active doctors of the United States are full-time salaried officers in army, navy, public health services, industrial establishments and public institutions. Only to a limited extent do they work as groups. For the most part they are individual practitioners. Much of the service of dispensaries, especially of the smaller ones, is carried on by doctors who work almost independently.

Although the sick benefits of lodges, benevolent orders, labor unions, the voluntary health insurance schemes of Denmark and Norway and the compulsory systems of Germany and Great Britain cover very large groups of people, the medical service is rendered by contract or panel doctors the vast majority of whom are general practitioners working in their own offices. There is little or nothing in the form of clinics. The medical care is probably on the whole inadequate and certainly unorganized. Commercial insurance companies which issue policies against sickness do not for obvious reasons offer organized medical service to their patrons. These persons resort to practitioners of their own choosing.

Only, then, in university clinics, in well-developed hospitals, dispensaries and pay clinics, in true group practice, in health centers, is there to be found genuinely organized medicine, i. e. the team-work of skillful diagnosticians with well-trained specialists backed by efficient laboratory, operating and treatment facilities. However with respect to these agencies serious question is raised. Are they not mechanizing medicine, eliminating the personal factor and the human relation?

Much the same query has been made about schools and universities. Have not the virtues of the little red school house and the small arts college been all but lost in our modern organized, graded, highly equiped instruction machines? Perhaps; but no one proposes to restore the one-room rural school or even Mark Hopkins' log. The plea is for smaller classes and closer relations between teacher and pupils. The specialization and organization are accepted as unescapable consequences of social changes.

AS society notes what is going on, it is reminded now and then that the new ways of doing things may affect the recruiting for the career of medicine. If the attractions already enumerated are radically lowered may not the best abilities hesitate—even turn to other vocations? The hospital associations of Cuba offer an illustration. Nearly a quarter-million of individuals contribute a dollar and a half or two dollars a month to five societies which in return guarantee medical attention and, if need be, unlimited care in large modern hospitals equiped with every facility for diagnosis and treatment, and manned by specialized staffs. Society seems to have managed this well. Costs are distributed so that no one individual bears a crippling or even serious burden. If he falls ill he is sure of excellent care.

But can he count on this same quality of service for his

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children and grandchildren? The Cuban doctors complain that the hospital associations drive hard bargains. They so nearly monopolize the best paying part of the population that, with the exception of a few outstanding specialists, no capable and ambitious medical man can maintain himself independently. He is forced to accept a full or part-time salaried post. The scale of pay is not high. No special allowances are made for advanced study abroad; research is not signally distinguished. The doctor's sense of initiative and freedom is narrowed. Will the best young Cubans go in for medical careers in these circumstances? If they do not, society will in time, perhaps, modify the conditions, increasing the attractions and removing the obstacles. Who knows?

Such organization of medicine as has begun to appear is found almost always only in large cities and big towns. The smaller town and village hospitals are little more than houses in which individual doctors care for their private patients and carry a part of the free service for the sick poor. There is, to be sure, a little specialization, too often of a rather superficial sort, but almost no team-work worthy of the name. Even in the large cities only a small part of the profession is really related to hospital, dispensary and other grouped staffs. In the country at large individualism and independence prevail. In village and countryside the isolated practitioner is the only resident type. So there is no stampede for organization in medicine.

THE allusion to the rural doctor had to be. No discussion of medical organization can leave him unnoticed. What will society do to keep him on the job? Give him a cheaper and shorter training? Sound the slogan: "Poor doctors for poor people?" Subsidize him with free office room and an annual retainer? Or try to make farming and rural life more attractive not only to the doctor but to the farmer and his family? For after all, medical care and protection of health is only a part of a much bigger thing, the whole agricultural question.

Or is organization going gradually to invade the countryside, set up visiting nurses as medical outposts with first aid stations based on staffed hospitals in the nearest towns which in turn will call on regional medical centers in cities small or large? Good roads and motor cars have made a radical difference. Has not the doctor's call and ambulance radius been enormously increased? And now the public motor snow plow makes its debut. The unfortunate rural doctors of the North will soon find that even snow drifts are no longer a protection against the enterprise of their urban colleagues. But all this seems rather too systematic and comprehensive. Society shies at schemes so academic. Muddling through is much easier and safer than making far-reaching plans on a grand scale.

Nor can the general practitioner be denied a paragraph in this interrogatory discourse. His gradual disappearance has been predicted. "How," it is asked, "can he survive if prestige and emoluments are going to the specialists, if sanitarians and hygienists keep cutting down the output of patients, if free and pay clinics increasingly offer the competition of organized service, if hospital connections continue to be limited and elusive, if the public fails to discriminate between fairly well-trained men and obscurantist healers?" The outlook may not seem too bright but, as we have seen, the family doctor is still the overwhelmingly prevalent type both in city and country. He may not be keen about going into rural practice, but there seems to be life in the old boy yet.

Who knows? Society may gradually induce him to shift his attitude. Perhaps he will get connections with diagnostic centers, group himself with fellow doctors about common laboratory and treatment facilities, go in for keeping people well through health examinations and advice about personal hygiene—in short get himself more organically related to society's medical services and come to think of prevention more than of cure. But this begins to have a familiar sound. The main point is this: society has been some time making the general practitioner, has found him highly useful and is not likely to give him up if he can be gradually modified somewhat to fit new demands.

BUT this talk about society may be getting wearisome. What is this potent entity? Has it the capacity to appreciate science, to maintain discriminating standards, to recognize and follow genuine experts, or is it credulous, careless and easily misled? Is there any truth in the cynical assertions that democracy is "the cult of incompetence," "the passionate pursuit of the second-rate?" Well, society is only another name for all of us. Each of us finds within him the mythical "average man," and can hazard an answer on his own account.

There are, it is true, plenty of discouraging things that come to mind. But who will say that we shall not in time extend our present rational confidence in physicists, chemists and engineers to include biologists, medical laboratory scientists, clinicians, sanitarians and hygienists, and, what is more, be guided by them in our ways of life and conduct? The Hollanders and the Scandinavians, to mention only the more conspicuous, have set reassuring examples. Signs of progress are not lacking in our own land, in spite of the prevalence of quack remedies, and the existence of ignorant or unscrupulous doctors, embattled anti-vaccinationists, quaint deniers of disease, wonder-working healers and erudite foes of evolution.

As a Broadway play must have a happy ending so an American article must close upon a helpful, hopeful note, no matter what the baffling complexity of the subject or the calamitous incompetence of the writer. It is not easy to violate an established tradition. One is almost tempted to fall back upon the panacea for all our ills and reaffirm confidence in Education. But the easy way must be avoided.

"The old order changeth." That is a law of life. To this changing order all, even doctors, must adapt themselves. And this adaptation takes place not through large, comprehensive, elaborate schemes of reform but by piecemeal, here and there, now and then, by happy chance, by trial and error, opportunistically, unconsciously. Academies of medicine can do something, but probably not much. The larger the number of minds that see the trend of things, the better the chances of gradual adjustment. So studies, comparisons of experience, experiments, demonstrations, discussion, all play a part and are to be welcomed.

To sum up: it looks as if society means to insist upon a more efficient organization of medical service for all groups of people, upon distribution of the costs of sickness over large numbers of families and individuals, and upon making prevention of disease a controlling purpose. Just how these ends will be gained only a very wise or very foolish man would venture to predict. One thing seems fairly certain: in the end society will have its way.

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Mr. Nash Does Unto Others

By ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

An eye-witness tells the story of one the most dramatic episodes in the history of the needle-trades—the welcoming of unionism by the head of the "Golden Rule" factory

PROMPTLY at ten o'clock on Tuesday morning, December 8, Arthur Nash, widely known as Golden Rule Nash, president of the A. Nash Company of Cincinnati, largest manufacturers of direct maker-to-consumer men's clothing in the country, entered the coat department of his factory. As he entered, the machines throughout the vast room went silent. More than two thousand men and women dropped their work, and clustered as people do at a camp-meeting about an improvised platform toward which Mr. Nash—tall, ruddy cheeked, silver-haired, slightly stooped, in conventional morning dress, a Bible in his hand—was advancing. A round of applause greeted him as he mounted a table. But its noticeable lack of warmth and spontaneity obviously disturbed Mr. Nash. Anxiety hovered about his face and cast its shadow upon many of the thousands of upturned eyes. He held a manuscript in his hand containing a message which he had wanted to be the first to convey to his people. A local newspaper had violated his confidence: had published it prematurely and in essentially garbled form. All morning his office had been beseiged by straw bosses, foremen, workers, some protesting, all disturbed by his reported intention. After months of preparation designed to avert wrangling and discord and misunderstanding, the unethical conduct of a newspaper had divided his own house against him before he had had a chance to speak.

Visibly a struggle was going on in the man's soul. He wrestled to recover his composure, to command the sympathetic attention of his people. There were many Italians in his audience. From his pocket he drew a small crucifix, just given to him, he said, by a Jesuit priest who had brought it from Rome where it had been blessed by the Pope. He told them of his efforts to obtain a commutation of sentence for a man in behalf of whom they had signed a petition to the governor. Then saying that he had never more greatly felt the need of guidance by a higher than human wisdom, he asked them to join him in silent prayer. For the benefit of the company of guests who had been invited to the factory for the occasion, he explained that it was their custom to end the silent prayer with a part of the Lord's Prayer in the Golden Rule version: **"Thy kingdom come in our factory as it is in heaven."**

Slowly, gravely but without faltering, Mr. Nash began the reading of his message:

My fellow-workers, I have called you together for the purpose of requesting that you all join a labor union. So far as I know, this is the first time that the head of a great industry has positively and aggressively taken the initiative by not only requesting but urging that all of his workers join in the great organized labor movement. Perhaps the two most astounded groups at this move will be our own workers and the great body of organized labor.

If Mr. Nash's fellow-workers were astounded they gave no expression to their emotion. Their faces were as immobile under the electric light that poured down about them as the graven faces of Shinto gods. Foremen and others, apprised of Mr. Nash's intention by the premature release in the morning paper, had gone through the plant warning against union affiliation. The workers were perplexed by this division. With amazed self-restraint they listened to this extraordinary announcement from the head of the business in emotionless silence.

It is my firm conviction [Mr. Nash continued] that we are facing the most crucial crisis in the history of our company and before going into the definite reasons why I am making this request, I want to correct some wrong impressions that I feel are very general, especially with groups of self-styled reformers who usually come to conclusions without proper knowledge of the facts and who jumped at the conclusion that we are opposed to organized union labor. . . . During the latter part of 1919, the very first year that we operated a shop of our own, when we were still small and unknown, by my own solicitation I visited Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, in New York.

Mr. Nash recounted that untoward incidents, due to the excessive zeal and ignorance of the local representatives of the Amalgamated, but more especially to the meddlesomeness of self-styled reformers, "sometimes entirely honest and sometimes wolves in sheep clothing," had bedeviled his attempts to find a basis for cooperation with the Amalgamated. But he said he retained his respect, his admiration, his affection for Sidney Hillman. Then with gathering earnestness Mr. Nash continued:

It has constantly been said to me by the enemies of the Amalgamated that Sidney Hillman is a Jew. . . . My fellow-workers, in our whole movement we have been following the leadership of a Jew. . . . I am appealing to you with all the force in me that we now take a careful inventory of our exact position in the great scheme of things as they now exist. In a very large measure we have solved our problems . . . so far as our relations with each other are concerned. . . . But the question that I want we shall face squarely to-day is what are we doing for the rest of humanity? . . . As I see it, every move on our part to isolate ourselves from the great labor movement or to shirk its responsibilities would be the personification of selfishness itself. . . . My fellow-workers, we cannot, we must not let ourselves drift into any such position as that. If we do, all our claims of brotherhood and of service are as "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

The great mass of toilers in this world have only one channel through which to make themselves heard. That channel is organized labor. Are we to draw our self-righteous robes about us and take a "holier than thou" attitude and not help organized labor in this struggle up and forward for the great mass of laboring people? Are we to be held up as an example of an "open shop" and as an argument why avaricious organizations of capital should be allowed to exploit their laborers and grind their dollars out of the very sweat and blood of

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our brothers and our sisters in their factories, or are we to join whole-heartedly and unreservedly with this great group of fearless organized workers who are laboring to "loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, to let the oppressed go free, and to break every yoke"?

And on this ground, he appealed to them to join with him in an invitation to Sidney Hillman to come and lay the case of the Amalgamated before them.

TWO days later, Thursday morning, December 10, three thousand workers packed the Shubert Theatre in Cincinnati to hear Sidney Hillman. They were gaily clad, but not in a holiday mood. The tenseness of Tuesday morning in the factory had been heightened by intervening events. When on Tuesday Mr. Nash had finished his appeal that they should join him in an invitation to the president of the Amalgamated, he had also appealed to them to defer debate until they *had heard* Mr. Hillman. The workers had agreed. But certain of the foremen, as well as the vice-president and sales manager of the company, whom Mr. Nash had not taken into his confidence in the matter of joining the union, felt that they could not accede to this request. They had gone about the plant denouncing the Amalgamated and saying that while they loved Mr. Nash and had always heretofore followed his leadership they now felt that he had "permitted his heart to run away with his head."

When Mr. Nash and Mr. Hillman walked upon the stage the applause was again perfunctory as it had been in the factory on Tuesday morning. As the president of the Amalgamated proceeded with the story of the union, especially when he stressed its purpose to carry into industry the same democratic methods to which America is dedicated, the audience warmed to him with rounds of applause. But it was not until the vice-president of the Nash company, who had organized the opposition, rose and walked to the stage that any cheering broke over the crowd. This was no sham battle. It was at least a very formidable minority that followed the vice-president in his indictment of the Amalgamated and of Mr. Nash's leadership.

BUT the more vociferous the opposition grew, the stronger grew Mr. Nash's very quiet, very urbane, but very resolute command of the situation. He said that he honored the opposition for exercising their right of free speech. But suppose all that they had said was true? "We started out to follow the great leader of Gallilee. What does He say? 'Love your enemies; do good to them that despitefully use you.' So that after all, I do not see any argument in all this. But it is not true." And he reaffirmed his faith in Sidney Hillman and the Amalgamated as the organization of practically the entire body of workers in the men's clothing industry. Then he made a stirring appeal to his fellow-workers to entrust to him and Sidney Hillman the working out of a cooperative arrangement on the understanding that if in a month or a year they wished to do so they would be free to vote it out.

That [he said] has not been an uncommon thing among us. There is no group in the world that so completely hold their destinies in their own hands as this group here this morning. You have the power to vote this thing out. But listen, friends; are we going to say to this man whom we have invited out here from New York: "We don't believe in you when you talk of those great ideals."? . . . Fellow-workers, are we big enough, have we enough of the spirit of the Master to say: "We will give you a chance to show whether you are honest or not."? . . . You forget that the maligning that has been done of myself and you is small compared with what has been done of Mr. Hillman. Will we say this morning to him: "We will give you and your organization a chance. We will take you at your word."? . . . I feel that if you should say that we will not be fair enough to let them prove whether they are honest or not, that I would go out of this opera house a broken man.

Before Mr. Nash had finished, the leaders of the opposition rose on the floor to withdraw their objections. For their part, they said, they were prepared to follow him on the condition he had stated. When the proposal to entrust to Mr. Nash and Mr. Hillman the working out of a cooperative arrangement was put to the "town meeting" it carried by a vote of some 2,000 to 30, with four or five hundred perplexed and bewildered men and women not voting. Whether they were opposed to the affiliation with the Amalgamated or were restrained by the open division between Mr. Nash and the men under whom they worked in the shops it was impossible to determine.

ON the following day, December 11, a representative body of men and women, leaders in the civic, business, educational and religious life of Cincinnati gathered at luncheon in the Business Men's Club on invitation of Alfred Bettman and Charles P. Taft, 2nd, to honor Mr. Nash and Mr. Hillman and to pledge the support of public opinion to their unique cooperative venture. The anxiety which had marked both Mr. Nash and Mr. Hillman on the preceding day was gone. Mr. Hillman, a realist and man of action, had already had conferences with the manufacturing and sales executives at the factory, had dispelled their fears, and won their eager support. Some skeptic had asked Mr. Nash to uncover the "nigger in the woodpile." His answer was that he believed in brotherhood and that he had felt for a time that if he and his fellow-workers practised the Golden Rule in their factory, others would follow their example. Instead their experiment had been distorted into an example of the non-union shop. Organization to him was but a means to an end, brotherhood was the end; but in the world as it is, trade union organization seemed to him the indispensible means to that end. He had waited to take his present step until there could be no question as to the disinterestedness of his purpose. In 1919 the A. Nash Company had done a business of $125,000 in the year; to-day they were doing more than $1,000,000 a month. He wanted more than anything else to bring the support of the Golden Rule to the great organized labor movement.

If after Mr. Hillman and Mr. Nash had spoken there remained any doubters among those public representatives, their skepticism must have been allayed by the address of Judge Julian W. Mack of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, who said that to be present at the inauguration of such a voluntary venture in union-management cooperation was one of the happiest occasions in his life. To some friends who gathered about him, Mr. Hillman expressed his conviction that before the end of the stipulated period for a referendum on the question of unionization, the Golden Rule factory would be cited as a foremost example of what union-management cooperation could accomplish not only in the individual plant and the garment industry, but also in all industry. Certainly this unique experiment is one which all well-wishers of democracy in America will watch with the keenest sympathy and interest.

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J. RAMSAY MACDONALD
Britain's first Labour Premier

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Where Are the Wild Men of Yesterday?

By SAVEL ZIMAND

Portraits by Oscar Cesare

IT is short of sixteen years since I met them all in the capital of Denmark. When you hear their names you may doubt at first whether such a galaxy of people actually came together. In the whole range of political assemblages was there ever its like? They were gathered from all parts of our restless world. There were men among them who already were considered the world's worst agitators; there were some set down as leaders of lost causes; and more as cranks. Later the same people were destined to make history and emerge as the most interesting political figures of our times. But you see, fifteen years ago, they were mostly known as wild men, or weak men, or trouble breeders, or knock-kneed doctrinaires, or harmless buffoons who wore sandals and lived on nuts and cheese. And the Goddess of History, who presumably knows the future as well as the past, must have smiled dryly at our disparagement.

You will also have to bear in mind that many of them were then comparatively obscure people. The press had hardly learned to spell their names. They were so little known that American newspapers of those days did not devote a single line to their proceedings. Even in their own lands their influence was small. Of one, for example, the story was told that he took a visiting friend to the public museum in his home city. When they passed the doorkeeper, this man bowed politely, and his friend asked, "Why so politely?"

"He is one of the subscribers to our paper," was the reply.

By and by they met a man collecting refuse on the streets. The rebel stopped and took his hat off to greet him.

"Why do you do that?" asked his friend again.

"That is the other subscriber," said the editor.

Yet there was good reason why society in the early years of the century regarded them as agitators and resented them. In the eyes of the average person they were anything but normal citizens. They were people of the sort who kept their respective countries in turmoil. And as we all know citizens want peace. By word and action they had come in conflict with the laws of the lands and not a few of them had more than once "done time." They were firebrands, stamped upon, smoldering; the years saw them burst into flame.

I remember that a short time before my arrival in Denmark, I was present at a soirée in Berlin. It was a distinguished group, and in the course of the talk I mentioned a name. The serenity of the party vanished in a torrent of invectives. They called this man—I was to meet him in Copenhagen—a monster, a blind fanatic; they misunderstood him and doubted him, and he misunderstood them. These good people did not dream that a few years later they would hail him as the savior of their country. But that is just what happened. In 1920 I was again in this same house in Berlin and I once more mentioned his name. The decade had raised him to the highest pinnacle of office. Now they called him their George Washington.

But before I take up how these wild men of yesterday changed and how we changed with them, I shall try to tell you something of the way they impressed me at that dinner in Copenhagen. As I look back from this distance, I see a group of men agape for a new order, eyes burning with a desire to recast this old world of ours, and I hear treasures of erudition on theories, reforms, social systems, panaceas and especially long, very long and ponderous revolutionary declarations. I look again upon an assemblage of thinkers, heroic tribunes of people, passionate fighters, men of great devotion.

And among them—twelve future prime ministers, well toward a hundred future ministers of state.

THERE at Copenhagen, the representative of France's rebels, the hero of a thousand platforms, lifted the thundering organ of his voice, now sweet, now like the roar of mountain cataracts. The wings of his imagination raised the short stocky Frenchman till he seemed to tower. His sentences came out like cartridges from a magazine. And after so many years those sounds of passionate love of humanity still ring in my ears. He was gotten out of the way on the eve of the Great War. Assassinated. A few months ago they laid him to rest with military and civil pomp in the Pantheon, where only great Frenchmen have a place.

This was Jean Jaurés.

THERE at Copenhagen the spokesman of a small band of British seed-bearers of a new world talked on the pursuit of happiness and of liberty. As he raised his head he displayed one of the handsomest faces of the English speaking world, and he delivered his message in a voice of rare beauty which inspired the pilgrims' hearts as he enriched their minds. He was a swift, graceful fencer in mental movements and discoursed in the tradition of the great parliamentarians of a country rich in great parliamentarians. I asked a person sitting near me who the speaker was and I received the short reply, "He is an M.P. from Great Britain."

This was Ramsay MacDonald.

Forgotten is it now how this British Labour premier was for years the most unpopular figure in his country. Forgotten are the peltings he faced at war-time meetings, the campaigns of vilification, slander and calumny directed against him. But I remember him at his home in Hampstead no further back than 1920. I can see him standing in front of the fireplace with the air of the most disappointed man in the world. With talents which as prime minister

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JEAN JAURÈS

Leader of the French Socialists, who was assassinated on the eve of the war; now at rest in the Pantheon

were to make him the hope of a baffled Europe, he could not then secure a seat in the House of Commons. I was to see him again in 1922 when he was elected by his colleagues—as leader of His Majesty's Opposition. And once more in 1924, a few days before he was called to form the first Labour Government.

There also, at Copenhagen, spoke another Scotsman with a face cast in tragic mold. He seemed the most solitary figure of all these men. There was force and indomitable will in him. To my mind, more than any other he resembled the Hebrew prophets. As a child laborer of eight, he had gone into the coal mines. He taught himself to write and read. At twenty-three, he came out of the mines with an idea. He would create a political party of workers to challenge the oppressors of labor. Today his dream has come true. It was the dream of this mine boy which helped make Ramsay MacDonald premier of Britain.

This was James Keir Hardie.

THERE at Copenhagen a man from Sweden who had suffered prison stripes six times for his ideals talked of peace on earth. A mountain of a man he was, who walked triumphant. He stared with mild eyes. Was he thinking of his early youth when he went to school with the present King Gustav of Sweden and engaged in his early studies in astronomy, or did he brood over his subsequent struggles with the powers of darkness? In those days he was still striving for the stars; but later days revealed that he could learn to keep close to the earth. He started life as an aristocrat, ripened into a scholar, became an agitator and died a statesman. And to atone for all the sins committed against him, his native land rested on the day of his burial.

This was Hjalmer Branting, prime minister-to-be of Sweden, a leader in founding the League of Nations.

THERE at Copenhagen a former saddle-maker of Heidelberg discussed in matter-of-fact, prosy way the inner turmoil of Germany. His address showed his identification with the way of life of the ordinary man—and with his dreams.

"And who does that happen to be?" I asked the journalist near me.

"He was formerly a little editor of a little paper," was the reply. "Now he is a member of the German Reichstag."

But even then my informant little knew that this man who had served his apprenticeship and wandered about as a journeyman, was to become a decisive factor in the history of a new epoch. Little did he dream that this rebel of 1910 would hold his people to the path of peace, would break with his former partisans, would save his country from plunging into excesses of terrorism.

This man was Friedrich Ebert, the first president of the German Republic.

THERE at Copenhagen in 1910, a Belgian firebrand thundered against "capitalistic justice and war." A compelling personality who could speak well on many subjects, he advocated the declaration of a general strike in case of war. But as the world is in continual flux, he too changed and during the Great War he served as minister of intendance, back of the French lines, and was delegated by the King of the Belgians to represent his country in important missions to Allied nations and to the United States.

This was Emile Vandervelde, today foreign minister of Belgium; signer of the treaty of Locarno.

There at Copenhagen a spokesman from Holland with constructive mind untangled the coils of revolutionary proposals. Ten years later I was his guest in Amsterdam and he explained to me not revolution but how Holland is meeting its housing shortage. This was F. M. Vibaut, Lord Mayor of Amsterdam, who is responsible for an elaborate scheme by which the government has provided building subsidies to associations and municipalities. Today, Holland, with the help of this rebel, takes first place in housing legislation.

There, too, at Copenhagen was the representative of the Danish fire-eaters, a man of character and capacity. To be sure, he was as yet without honor in his country. This was Theodore Stauning, the present prime minister of Denmark, who has addressed himself to the affairs of his country with so clear an understanding of the problems in hand, such readiness to compromise in order to achieve lasting good that he is being praised as the best premier the Danes have had in many years.

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HJALMAR BRANTING

Premier of Sweden, and one of the leading spirits of the League of Nations

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KARL LIEBKNECHT

Who led the revolt for the overthrow of the German monarchy and militarism

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FRIEDRICH EBERT

Saddlemaker : first president of the German Republic

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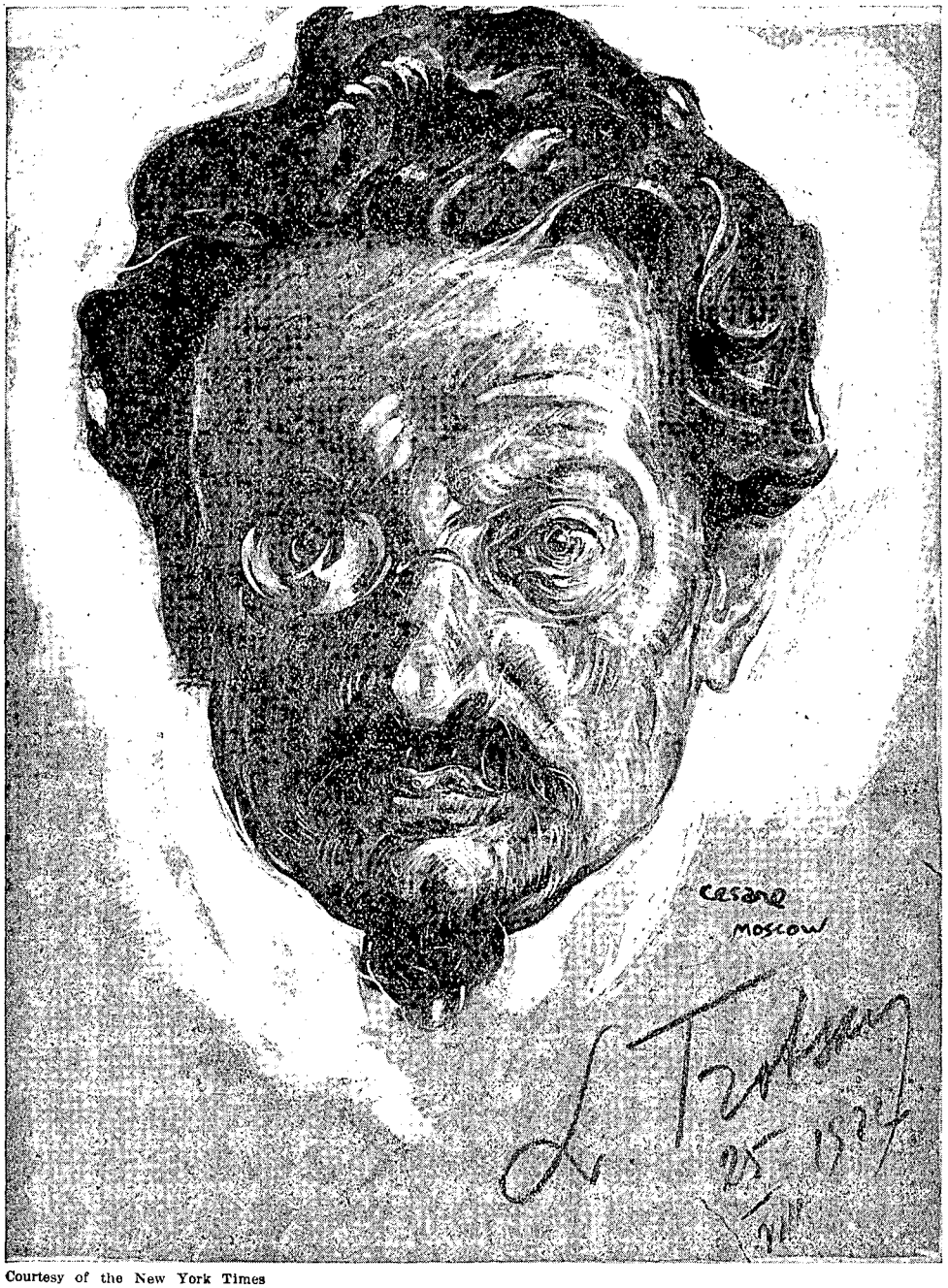

Courtesy of the New York Times

LEON TROTSKY: *from life*

THERE at Copenhagen two dogged fighters ranged side by side. One was a stout, short, lame woman. She looked like one of those people who are too busy to be human. But everyone was under the spell of her logic, the force of her arguments. The other was a tall young man of dark olive complexion, with kind, friendly eyes. They were then and later stormy-petrels among the German rebels and as such they were both killed in the communist uprisings in 1919. But before their deaths, the whole world had heralded them as two great Germans with eyes and mind unclouded, with a courage surpassing the courage of the rest of us, who said boldly and with persistency what their minds and eyes told them. Throughout the war they had not flinched in their stand against the military machine.

The one was Rosa Luxemburg and the other Karl Liebknecht, and they were to lead the revolt for the overthrow of the German monarchy.

THERE at Copenhagen two obscure Russian outlaws pondered over huge resolutions. They were the extremists of this extreme assemblage. Heaven alone knew what was to become of these two men and the secret was altogether hidden from us.

One was a man of medium height, thick-set of body though not stout, big hands, fighting jaw and beaming eyes. The face suggested a powerful mind and a well disciplined personality. He seemed to possess the intelligence, the shrewdness, the power of endurance and the savage health of the farmer. He talked like a doctrinaire. When I saw him next in 1922 he was ruling over a great nation. I heard him speak in the ancient Kremlin of Russia. He had come into power and he, too, had changed. A few years of executive responsibility had tempered even this extremist.

This was Lenin of Russia.

The other Russian was taller with a thoughtful forehead and persuasive lips. He was seated near me and at intervals he made notes of the discussions. He was writing for a Russian daily. In 1922 I saw this journalist again. This time it was in Moscow. From a large grandstand, I was viewing the garrison parading on the Red Square before the Kremlin Wall. Infantry, cavalry, artillery, armed communist battalions, young guards, factory workers, marched for nearly five hours before my eyes. The military bands were playing and the crowds were cheering the war lord of Russia. He stood there, the journalist I had met at Copenhagen, cheered and acclaimed like a Napoleon.

This was Trotsky.

There were many others at that dinner in Copenhagen. A few were to take high rank—Albert Thomas, for example, who became France's able minister of munitions during the Great War, and Philipp Scheidemann, first premier of the German Republic; two later premiers of that republic and many another present day minister.

NOW let us ask ourselves what brought these personalities into the ranks of the radicals; why, brilliant and powerful as they showed themselves to be, they did not rise before 1914 to posts of power and honor in their

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countries; what in war time and thereafter brought them to the top?

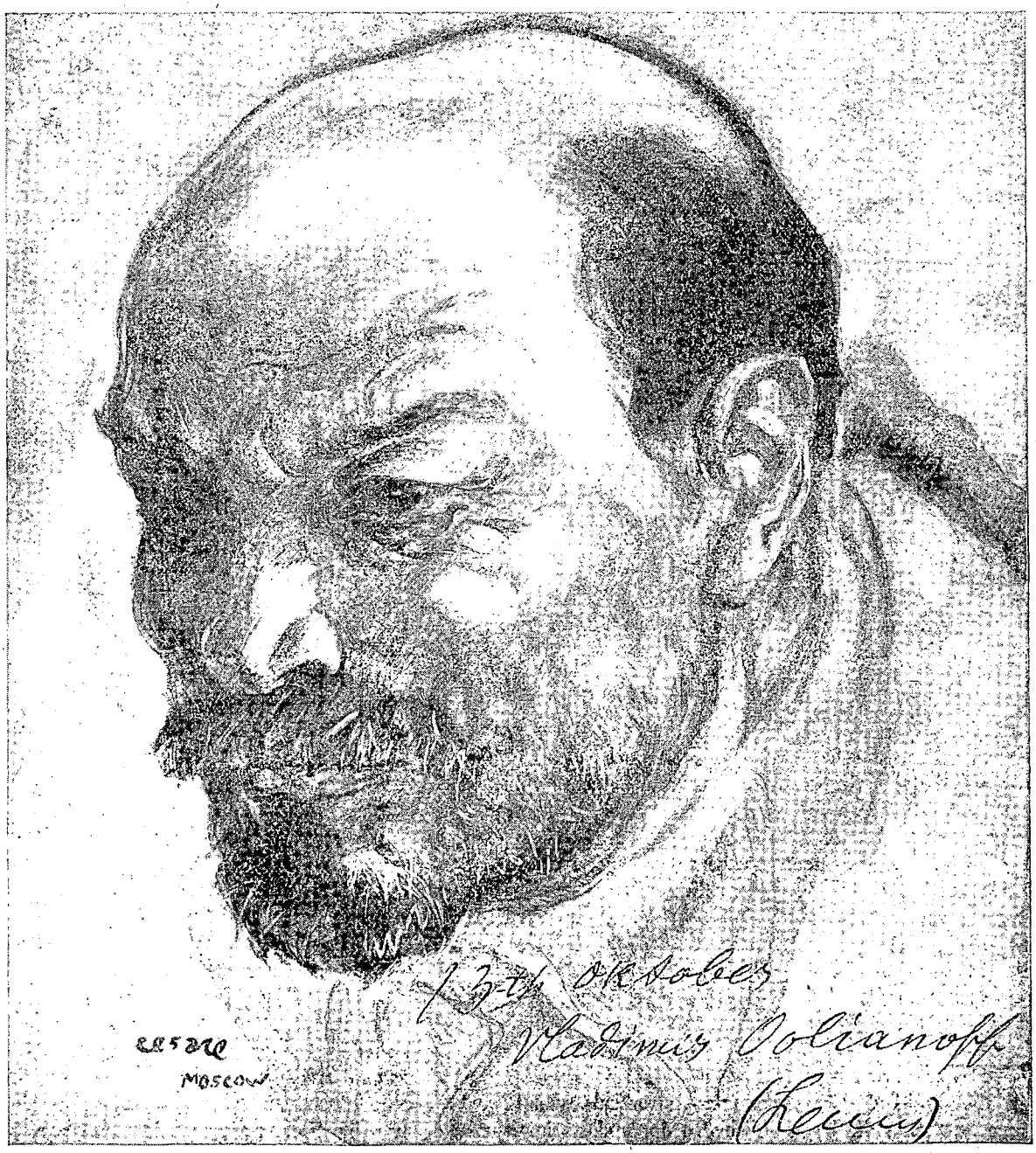
I cannot hope to answer these questions, but looking back I feel I have one clue to them.

Not long ago I found support for my feeling on the part of a friend widely experienced in international affairs. He maintained that with few exceptions every important statesman of Europe today has been at one time or another a rebel; and in proof he enumerated one after another and traced their course in early manhood. Every healthy youth is like to feel rebellion in his blood once in his lifetime or be ashamed forever before his own spirit. Especially is this true with gifted people. There are those who are rebellious because they are fired by ideas and wish to be of service to their fellows. They are so made that they often make things very uncomfortable for others and are, therefore, detested by the easygoing. They may remain all their lives in a state of rebellion, or if their cause wins, they may find themselves charged with responsibility to put their ideas into fruition. We will come back to them at that point.

Others are merely radical by temperament and may be stirred less by ideals than by hates against something or somebody. When these once get to the top they may forget their high cause and may become chief of oppressors, or reveal themselves as reactionaries. So we have youthful insurgency falling into two companies, rebels by conviction, radicals by temperament; dividing at the sign post of personal success.

We are all of us familiar with the story which is Lloyd George. It is now a far cry to the days in 1901, when the nervous little "wizard of Wales and blizzard of Britain" was arousing a counter blast of opposition by his militant pacifism during the Boer War; not so far a cry to the days in 1918 when he rode to office to the tune of "Hang the Kaiser." It is a far cry to his declaration that the House of Lords should be thrown on the scrap heap; not so far a cry to his days of power when he battened down the liberal elements in his country.

MOST of us know the main outlines of Mussolini's dictatorship; we are less familiar with the road he took before he came to the forks. Benito Mussolini was literally born a socialist. His father, a blacksmith, was a convinced party member. When Mussolini first ran for Parliament and lost, he smashed the ballot-box. To keep out of prison he fled to Switzerland. There, too, making himself obnoxious to the authorities, he was banished. In



Courtesy of the New York Times

LENIN: *from life*

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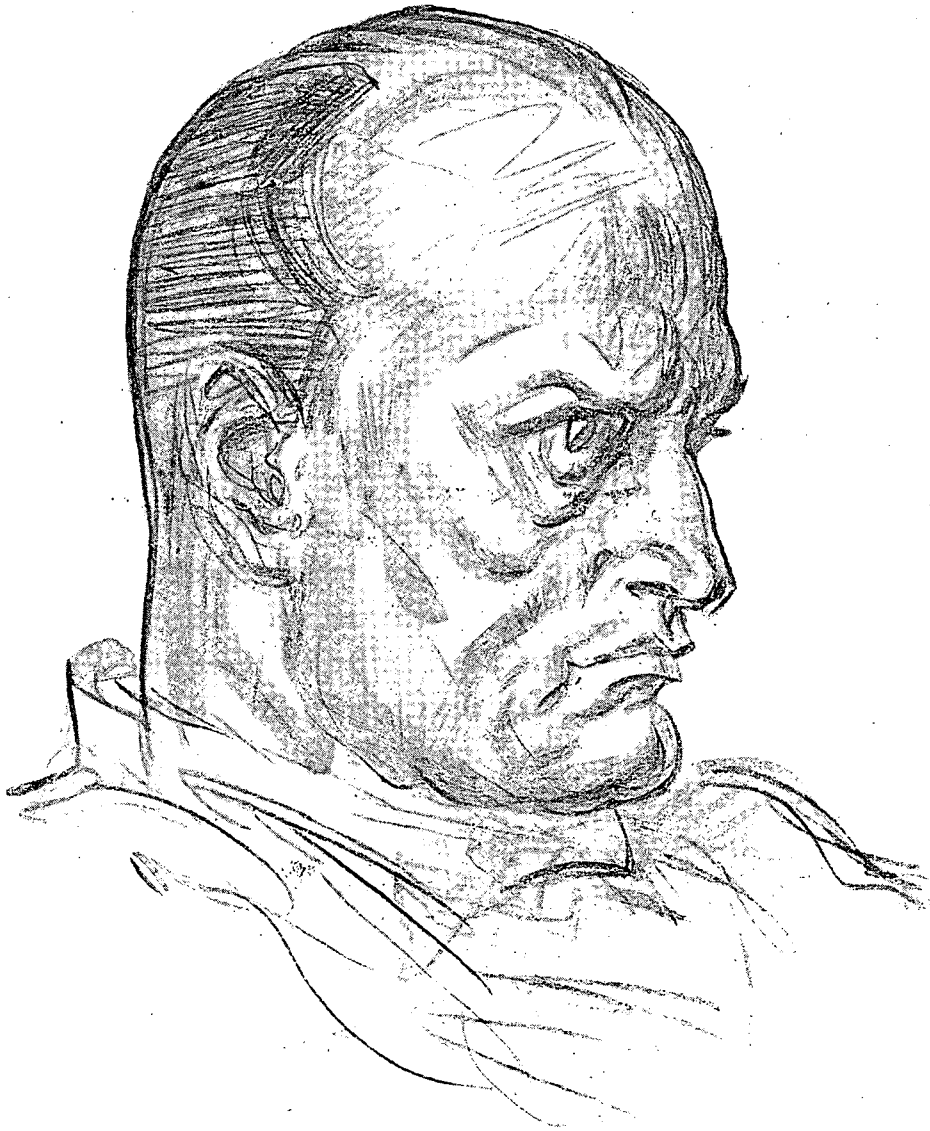

MUSSOLINI: *from life*

1912 a prominent socialist called at the royal palace in order to express his sympathy with the King, who had been shot by an anarchist. It was Ivanoe Bonomi, later a premier of Italy, who made this call. He was immediately expelled from the socialist party. The mover of the motion for his expulsion was Mussolini.

Thirteen years ago Mussolini, as arch revolutionary, thus drove a milder rebel out of the socialist ranks. Today Mussolini fights the ideal of democracy which Ivanoe Bonomi still upholds. Six years ago Mussolini and his few adherents were pledged to a republic, the disendowment of the Church, proportional representation and a single chamber government. Today Mussolini is the avowed pillar of the monarchy. Instead of disendowing the church, he has made the teaching of religion compulsory in the schools and given the church the control of it. In place of proportional representation he abolished majority rule and has swept away local self-government.

THE modern history of France furnishes us a long and distinguished list of examples of radicals who have become buttresses of the established order and its institutions. In the last twenty years, practically all prime ministers of France have been former socialists. Ex-president Millerand was the first of these to make the break. Viviani, whose youth was spent in Algiers and who, as head of a conservative government, led France through the first critical years of the Great War, first entered the Chamber of Deputies as spokesman for radical workmen. Clemenceau himself was not always the imperialist he appeared to be at the Peace Conference. Once he was an extremist of the Left. He started by hating the rich and comfortable and he ended by hating his former friends.

An even more striking illustration is Aristide Briand, eight times premier of France; again in this winter's crisis called to office. Early in life he acquired notoriety from his very extreme views expressed in red papers and in public meetings, where he openly advised the working classes to organize a general strike in case of war and to desert before the enemy. He became known for his defence of an anti-patriot who advocated the planting of the flag in a manure heap. In 1902, at the second period of his adolescence, he was elected as a socialist deputy and entered Parliament in that moderate socialist party which was then under the leadership of Jaurés. He fought for the bill separating Church and State and secured its passage. In 1906 he found himself rewarded with the post of minister of public instruction and in 1909 he was invited by Fallières, then president of the Republic, to form a ministry.

During Briand's premiership, two great strikes occurred. The first of these was a general strike of the postal clerks. This he met by exemplary dismissals. The second was the railway strike of 1910 which assumed formidable dimensions. Briand took rigorous measures. The railwaymen of military age were ordered mobilised, and thus automatically became liable to court-martial. Defending his course, he declared that "had the actual laws of the country not been sufficient, I would not have hesitated to resort even to illegal measures."

We have seen that it was Briand who led the militant opposition to the church. But after the World War, it was under his premiership that France resumed diplomatic relations with the Vatican and once again sent an envoy to the Pope. Once he advocated desertion before the enemy. At the Washington Conference of 1920 it was he who obstructed disarmament in the name of French safety and the German menace with which five years later he was to bargain at Locarno. It was he who had preached the general strike in time of war who crushed down those who took his fomer doctrines seriously and tried to gain their aims by direct action in time of peace.

Perhaps it is absurd to seek a single clue which might explain why men so various as Lloyd George, Mussolini

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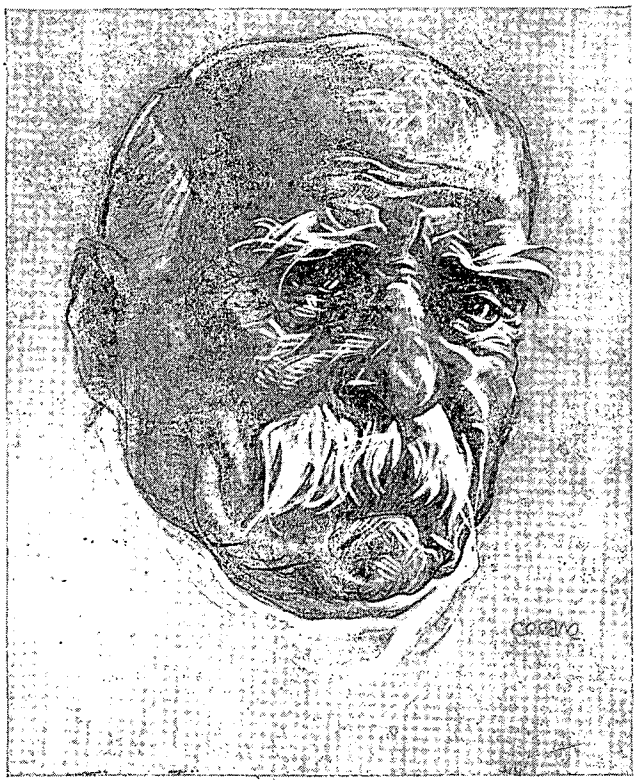
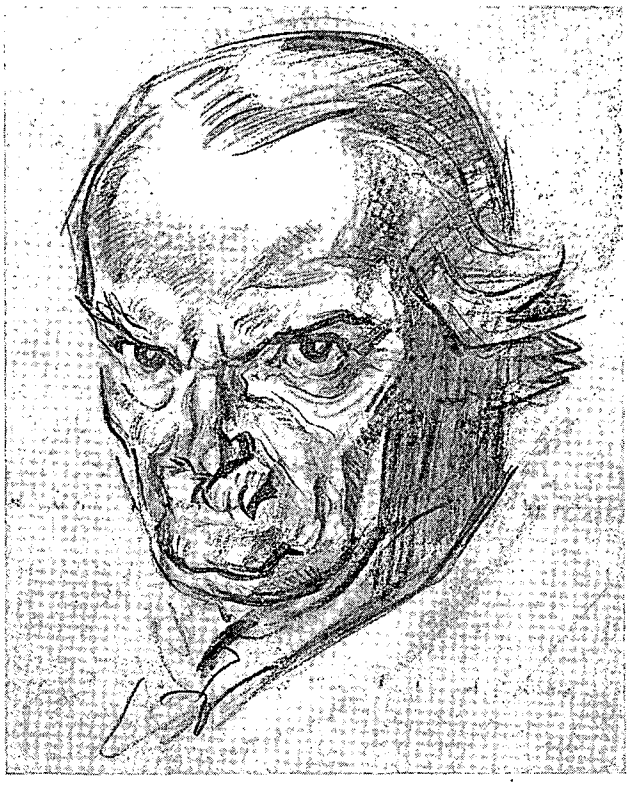
and Briand abandoned their earlier espousals and have become bulwarks of the scheme of things they challenged. Yet may it not be that the revolt of their adolescence—at least of some of them—was a result of their unsatisfied emotions, of resentments and the desire for some kind of adventure? A violent and uncompromising attitude is frequently adopted by those who are ill-grounded in their beliefs. In their early days, Tory baiting, capitalist baiting, the general strike and the like gave to the restless youth of Western Europe the greatest thrill. Later on, other fields presented more excitement, and in each new field of action they took along with them their violent dispositions.

WITH this picture of these temperamental radicals in mind, we can get back to our Copenhagen rebels. Taken as a whole they struck me as hard-grounded in their convictions. But like most people without practical experience they had a cocksureness about the validity of their ideas. There were exceptions, but questioned about their aims or principles or theories, most of them would pour out a flood of gibes, or treasures of learning, or billions of figures and facts on foot and facts on horseback, or frenzied diatribes which dazzled and bewildered the listener. They were like the man about whom Oliver Wendell Holmes said that he lead facts about with him like bulldogs and let them loose upon you at the least provocation.

Many of them talked about people as if all nations from Moscow to New York were brought up under the same conditions. They thought in terms of abstract theories about new ways for saving the world. The social programs developed were mostly taken from books. What was not in the books was not considered. Especially what was not in Karl Marx' Capital. Just as Tom Sawyer says when he discusses with Huck Finn the question of ransom, "Why, blame it all, we've got to do it. Don't I tell you it's in the books? Do you want to go doing different from what's in the books and get things all muddled up?"



GEORGES CLEMENCEAU



LLOYD GEORGE

The war came. The historic drama of 1914 marked the end of an epoch. Old conceptions were shaken and from this time forward new forces entered into politics. True enough, there were radicals like Liebknecht who wished to stop the war and stood their ground; and others who went along in the belief that capitalism would go down in it and the workers would come to their own. But for the most part, the spirit of nationalism proved to be deeply rooted in the lives of the people of all classes, and in the hour of danger the Internationalists did not desert the Fatherland. Men who had been called arch enemies of the state rushed to the defence of the country. Many of them joined in the cry that "the civilization and the independence of our people must be safeguarded." Party lines broke down and all forces were mobilised. In time of danger, distinctions disappear and, generally taken, ability counts. And there were rebels of 1910 like Albert Thomas and Emile Vandervelde who proved consummately able.

When the war came to an end, the world was faced with a new challenge to civilization. It was a challenge affecting the whole fabric of society. Until 1914 the vast majority of the people of Europe were living as they had lived since they were born. But the Great War stirred the masses. They became a doubtful base for European civilization as it was. From the Rhine east the old schemes of dynastic control were shattered. Abroad, the masses saw adventurers rise to power and influence. At home they heard of graft, profiteering, inefficiency and mismanagement of government business. They believed they had something coming to them as a result of their struggles. The demobilized armies returned from the trench lines where they had learned to take life lightly and use force at will. There were months at a time when the fires which Lenin and Trotsky had

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fanned into blaze in Russia while the war was on were thought to threaten a dozen capitals. The neutrals as well as the warring countries were affected; and all were caught in the pincers of desperate economic and social adjustments.

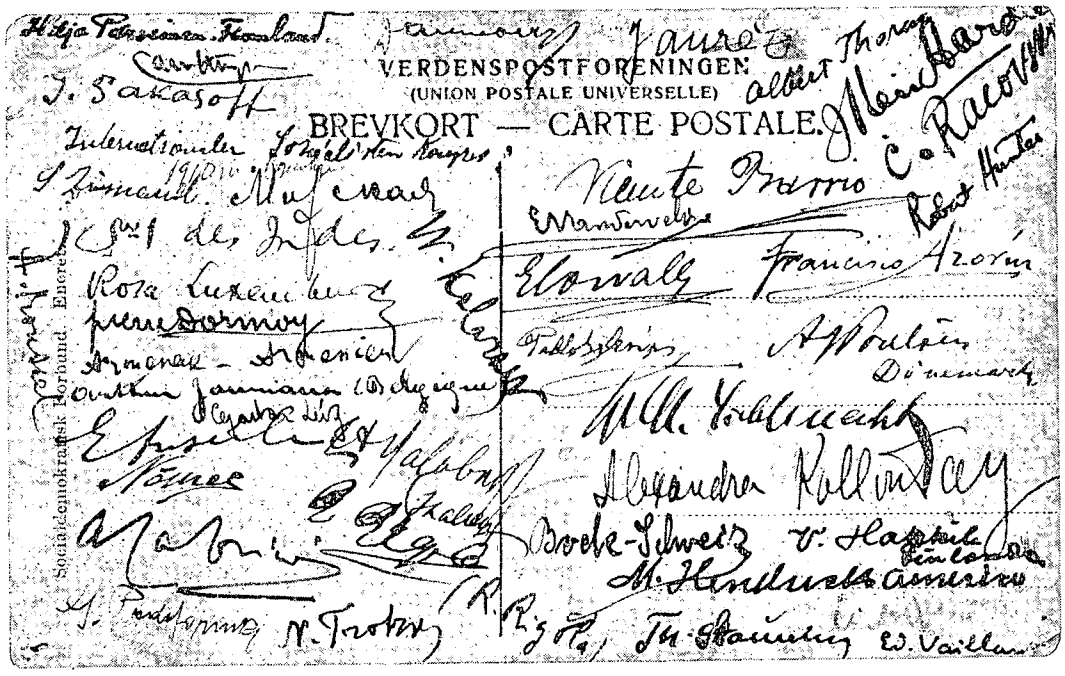
The masses had, perhaps, no concrete idea of what they wanted. But they demanded leaders at the head of the governments with more understanding for the common welfare. The world was ready for something new to try. The magnificent dreamers of 1910 offered something new. Some had proved that they could turn into actuality the work assigned to them during the war. Others, like MacDonald, had proved their steadfastness in the time of stress and were quick to challenge the overhang of war controls and the disillusionments of peace. Why not entrust these men now with higher responsibilities?

In the countries where free discussion and democratic methods prevailed, some came to power by parliamentary means. Where absolutism had reigned, violent overthrow brought others to the top.

SO one after the other they rose: Branting in Sweden, Ebert in Germany, Stauning in Denmark, MacDonald in England, and with them, others of their kind. Many people were afraid of what these new rulers might do. But after a short time in office the radical premiers and ministers of state learned that little can be accomplished without reckoning with realities. The difficulties of administration and government taught them moderation. Those who feared to entrust them with power found that "cranks" and rebels could have workable ideas. Unlike the purely temperamental radicals they believed in education and organization.

Once in power, they did not abandon their dreams for the sake of intransigeance as had Mussolini; nor abandon political democracy for the sake of their dreams, as had Lenin whose type is the exception to prove my rule. They approached difficult problems of the day in a realistic manner. While striving for the future and general improvement of mankind, they learned to work in next steps. They took their radicalism into office with them. But in dealing with the affairs of a nation they caught themselves acting like those whom in former days they accused as conservatives. And they came to see clearly that their ideas had chance of success only when mixed with constructive performance.

THE youth who comes of his radicalism sheerly by temperament may end up in what we in America would call a boss or a standpatter. The other kind, once they acquire power—if I may draw my conclusion from the group assembled in 1910 at that meeting in Copenhagen—the kind who come of their rebellion by conviction, turn into conservative radicals. At least, those brought up under the liberal tradition of Western Europe, work along the lines of constitutional development. Such is my clue as to the wild men of yesterday.



A SOUVENIR OF THE 1910 GATHERING

The back of a post-card which Mr. Zimand had with him at the dinner at the City Hall, Copenhagen. It was signed as a souvenir by several of the delegates to the International Socialist Congress, who sat near by. Among the signatures are those of James Keir Hardie, Albert Thomas, Emil Vandervelde, Trotsky, Camille Huysman, secretary of the International Socialist Bureau, Premier Stauning of Denmark, Alexandra Kollontay, the first woman ambassador (Russia to Norway), Karl Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg and Jean Jaurés

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John Smith discusses his taxes on the suburban train

Smith's Taxes

By ALZADA COMSTOCK

Death and taxes, the old saw tells us, are alike inescapable. But the death-rate, we know, is a matter of social consequence and control. What about the tax-rates with which Congress is now busying itself?

OVER since last October John Smith has been in a state of anxiety over what Congress is going to do to his income tax and his automobile taxes. Up and down the aisles of suburban trains, along mid-day lunch counters, and from the driver's seat of the family car his voice has been heard, raised in argument, invective, and hope.

Meanwhile the more or less innocent occasion of his excitement, the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, was going briskly about its business of cutting down his taxes to the extent of the $325,000,000 or so that the government would otherwise have left as a surplus at the end of the next fiscal year. The Committee received inspired suggestions for tax cuts from the United States Treasury, heard various experts and special pleaders, and finally turned over to the House of Representatives itself the bill which was taken up in December.

On the whole it is well that John Smith should behave in this nervous and uneasy fashion when his taxes are under consideration, for it is through such anxiety that a common sense of responsibility for government expenditures, too feeble at best in such an immense and scattered country as this, is seeded down. The next time that a good roads subsidy or an increased allowance for the navy is proposed, he will look upon it with a sterner eye, for he will have had a recent reminder that he is paying for it, just as surely as he is paying for his children's winter coats.

We in the United States pay so little in taxes to the central government that we need these reminders. We pay only about $30 a head, while the Englishman pays $82; and when all our taxes are reckoned in, we pay only about 12 per cent of our national income, while the English pay 23 per cent and the French 21 per cent. Besides, we have far larger individual incomes in dollars from which to make our contributions. It is small wonder that with our remoteness from the capital, our relatively small burdens, and our great individual prosperity, we have sometimes been a little irresponsible about what goes on at Washington.

But when Washington reaches out its long arm to collect these taxes we spring to attention, at least with regard to the few that are collected in such a way that we are reminded of their existence, as we are with the income tax. And at that stage no taxpayer ever feels his irritation decrease by being told that in other countries people in his station pay several times as much.

THERE are two questions involved in the popular campaign for tax reduction: first, can the sum total of federal taxes be reduced much below its present level, and, second, when changes are made what taxes should be cut down and what taxes kept where they are?

"Tax reduction" has been the password of the demagog and the candidate for office for so long that we accept the words uncritically. Obviously, in a government that is paying its way, no tax reduction is possible unless expenditures are reduced at the same time. If we are to rely on any magic phrase, "economy" is a better one, for it turns the citizens' attention to the pivot of the matter. Too many an office seeker cries "tax reduction" when he has not the slightest chance or intention of bringing about the reduction in expenditures which alone would make it possible.

Which of our national expenditures can be reduced? The search is disappointing. About three-fourths of the money the Treasury pays out goes towards expenses left by the war, such as the public debt service and pensions, and for the War and Navy Departments. There cannot be much improvement in that quarter until our public debt is more nearly paid off; experts say that the post-war reductions in the War and Navy Departments have about come to an end.

The remaining fourth of our expenditures, the more normal and permanent costs of doing the government's business, will of course increase as the population grows and makes heavier demands on the machinery of the various departments. The final figures for 1925 will show almost no decrease, and perhaps even an increase. In short, the cut of $325,000,000 which the Ways and Means Committee suggested to Congress is close to the maximum which our country can afford, and after that is made the days of tax reduction will come to an end.

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The way in which the government's requirements are apportioned is shown in the reports of the Secretary of the Treasury in graphic form as well as in figures. The conspicuous fact in the Secretary's diagram is the importance of the income and profits tax. Nearly one-half of the government's receipts, and almost exactly one-half of the taxes themselves, come from the income and profits tax section. The income tax is a fairly new development in this country, for the American people have only recently reached a stage of political education in which they are willing to endure direct taxes, that is, taxes which cannot be passed on to some one else by charging more for the commodities on which the tax is first placed. For some reason it is easier to bear indirect taxes, as, for instance, the sum of $30 a year which a householder pays on food, clothing, and the like, than it is to make out an income tax return and pay $7 or $8 a year. That attitude may be illogical and ostrich-like, but as recent discussions show, it still exists to some extent among us.

The countries which are backward or disorganized financially still rely upon indirect taxes, in the form of duties on commodities. China's reliance upon customs is just at the moment being demonstrated to the world, and France's use of indirect taxes for about three-fourths of her tax receipts is one of the symptoms of financial trouble in that country. But the British, of whom Walter Hines Page wrote "they manage their finances and their navy incomparably," and finally the Americans, are now committed to getting about one-half of their revenue from direct taxes. It is a state of affairs which reflects the high degree of financial intelligence in the Anglo-Saxon democracies.

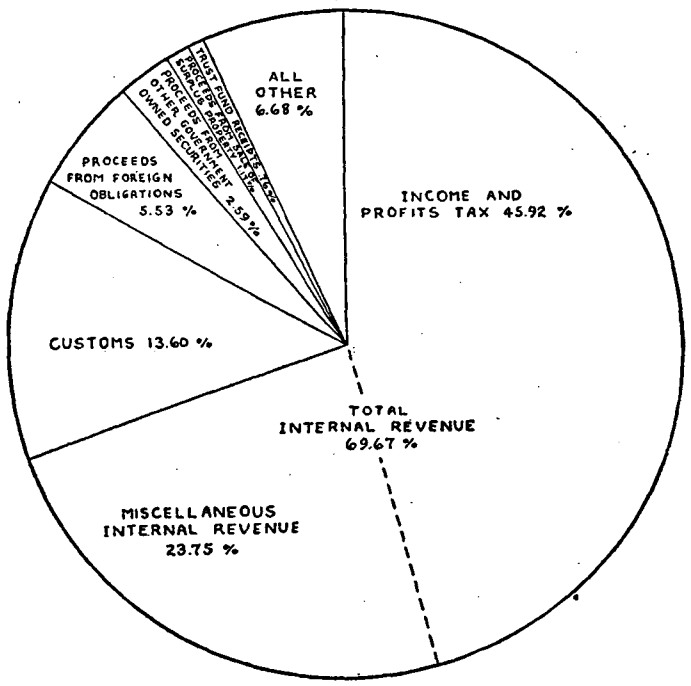
THE men who framed the tax bill which is now before Congress had one of two aims, depending to a degree upon the political party which they represented: one was to help prosperous men by reducing the surtaxes, and the other was to assist small taxpayers by changing the normal tax rates. Accordingly the income tax was pared down all along the line; the maximum surtax rates were reduced from 40 per cent to 20 per cent, and the lowest normal rate from 2 per cent to 1.5 per cent, with increased personal exemptions. The intervening rates were reduced to approximately the same extent.

Secretary Mellon has believed for a long time that any surtax above 25 per cent is bad for business in general and for the morale of the tax-payers. In his campaign he has had the support of expert testimony. Unfortunately for Republican or Democratic tax revision programs as a whole, tax experts are likely to be troublesome fellows who, oddly enough, keep in mind the good of the country as a whole over a long span of years. Having no constituencies to satisfy and no votes to get, they sometimes support one part of a factional plan and criticize another.

So it was in Washington at the end of October when the Ways and Means Committee called Professor E. R. A. Seligman of Columbia and Professor T. S. Adams of Yale. Professor Adams supported Mr. Mellon's program of moderate surtaxes, as both he and Professor Seligman have publicly done in the past; but both men protested against the Republican plan of repealing the estate taxes, and Professor Seligman spoke against the Democratic proposal to raise the exemptions for the lower groups.

But for the moment it is only the surtaxes which concern

ORDINARY RECEIPTS OF THE GOVERNMENT
FISCAL YEAR ENDED JUNE 30, 1924
TOTAL = $4,012,044,701


ALL OTHER 6.68 %
INCOME AND PROFITS TAX 45.92 %
PROCEEDS FROM FOREIGN OBLIGATIONS 5.53 %
CUSTOMS 13.60 %
TOTAL INTERNAL REVENUE 69.67 %
MISCELLANEOUS INTERNAL REVENUE 23.75 %

From the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, 1924

us. The argument that high surtaxes defeat their own ends may be admitted, and yet there may be no clear reason for lowering the present surtaxes in the United States. Professor Ernest M. Patterson of Princeton, in a recent analysis of the tax bill (New Republic, Nov. 4, 1925), shows that after all the deductions and exemptions are claimed, the surtaxes actually paid are not high. In 1923, when the maximum rate was 50 per cent, the average rate of tax paid by people with incomes of $1,000,000 or more was only 23.5 per cent. In 1924 the seventy-four richest people in the country, with combined incomes of $155,000,000, paid only $47,000,000 in taxes, or about 30 per cent.

These figures make a case against the radical reduction of surtaxes on the grounds that are oftenest used. If in practice the little group of very rich people in the country pays less than a third of their income into the Treasury, no great penalizing of initiative and enterprise can have been going on.

FOR the mass of the people this question of reducing surtaxes is of importance only as lower surtaxes may prevent the maximum relief in normal taxes. Being human, we all prefer to let the other fellow do the tax-paying, and there our reasoning stops. A few thoughtful people know that taxation according to "ability" is the approved modern theory, and that the tax which best fits that rule is a graduated income tax; but such knowledge gives even the thoughtful no guide to the best rates. John Smith and his kind, of whom there are three or four million, like to believe that the fairest way is to begin with a small normal tax and high exemptions, and to let the real burden fall higher up in the economic scale.

As far as the income tax goes, our small taxpayers are probably better off than any other income-tax payers in the

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world. Certainly they come off much better than the English. The English income tax begins at $675, reaches the "standard" rate of 20 per cent at $1,125, and the maximum supertax rate of 50 per cent at $150,000. Of course there are various exemptions and deductions, parallel to those in this country except that they are more carefully framed. A married man with no children, with an earned income of $3,000, pays 5.5 per cent. Such a man in the United States paid one-fourth of one per cent last year!

John Smith will reply that it makes not the slightest difference to him that he pays about one-twentieth as much as an Englishman in the same circumstances. He's in luck, and there his comparison ends. The issue of the moment is simply to get his full share of the $325,000,000 tax cut, and he thinks that the place to get it is in his income tax.

HE is probably wrong. John Smith is an average man with average responsibilities. He has, say, an income of $4,000, a wife, two children, and a small car. He smokes and indulges in the other small luxuries for himself and his family which are conventional for Americans. He paid $10.50 in income tax last year; and he paid several taxes heavier than that, but he doesn't know it.

For instance, he probably pays a larger tobacco tax. If nearly one-half of the males over fifteen years of age in this country smoke, and a million or so women as well, their per capita tax is close to $20, or twice as much as Smith's income tax. And unlike the income tax, the tobacco tax is pretty evenly distributed among the smokers. A rich man may have twenty times the income of his poor neighbor, but he doesn't smoke twenty times as much. There is the Ethiopian in the woodpile for this and the other indirect taxes: they are paid, not in proportion to ability to pay, but for the most part at so much a head.

And again with the customs: John Smith has a family of four, and pays for them his share of the $535,000,000 receipts from customs. That share is about $20. These taxes, too, are distributed pretty evenly among the population, for they come principally from imports of sugar, wool, and agricultural products. Smith takes just as much sugar in his coffee as the rich man, and his wife eats almost as much candy. The family expenditure for woolen clothes is somewhat less, but the dutiable agricultural products on the family table cost almost as much as those on the rich man's table.

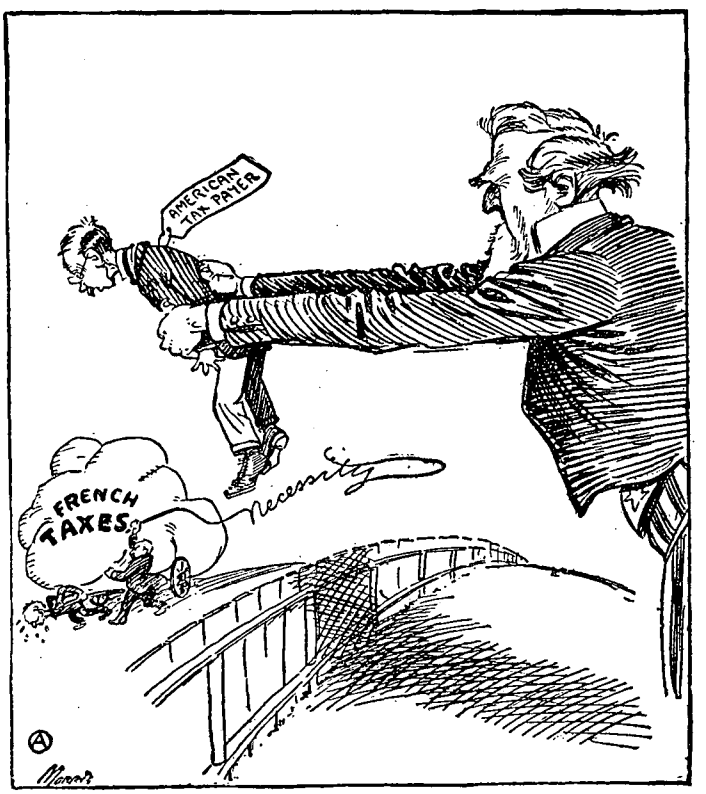
So it goes with the other indirect taxes. Our small income-tax payer has fallen into the pit that the Frenchman has digged, and has convinced himself that if he doesn't swear anything before a notary public he isn't paying any taxes. Except for two or three items: his automobile for example is a possession so dear to his heart that he would go one better than the Ways and Means Committee's reduction of automobile taxes from 5 to 3 per cent, and wipe them out altogether, although they are much lighter than the other taxes just mentioned. And he wants the theater taxes repealed, although they are almost invisible in his budget.

The plain truth is that John Smith is in a befuddled state about all this; or, worse, he has never thought about it at all. But there is something still more unpalatable that he will probably learn within the next two or three decades, and that is that there is some value in the very process of paying the income tax which he so dislikes, a far greater value than in paying indirect taxes four or five times as burdensome to him in dollars and cents: that is the reminder that he is connected with the fiscal affairs of the federal government and individually responsible for them. It is safe to say that if France had begun in 1919 with direct taxes applicable to more of her citizens, she would not be in the difficulties she is in today.

INSTEAD of putting his emphasis on being freed from the normal income tax, under which he pays relatively almost nothing and which should be borne as a badge of citizenship, the small taxpayer should have asked the Ways and Means Committee for more and better exemptions. The new bill allows $1,500 if single, $3,500 if married, and $400 for each dependent. The widening of the gap between single and married (the old figures were $1,000 and $2,500) may not be a bad thing, for it is not true that two can live as cheaply as one; on the contrary, it often costs two far more than twice as much as one. The exemptions are too high, however, and free too many intelligent people from direct responsibility for fiscal affairs.

The exemption for dependents is a pretty crude affair. The sum of $400 may not be adequate for the first child, and certainly the amount for the first child should be larger than the amount for subsequent children. On such points as these the British income tax is more intelligently worked out. The allowance for children after the first child is smaller than for the first child, and there is no age limit for children who are in full-time attendance at school or college. The latter provision represents one of the most needed changes in our own income tax.

Other allowances show the same painstaking attention by the makers of the British income tax to the family problems which actually exist. The "dependent relative" allow-



Morris in the Brattleboro Daily Reformer: copyright George Matthew Adams

A fellow never knows when he is well off until he sees the other fellow's misfortune

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ance contains a provision that the relative's income shall not exceed a certain amount, and a widowed mother need not be incapacitated to be considered a dependent. There is a "housekeeper allowance" for relatives and others who act in that capacity, and a similar allowance for a daughter upon whom an aged taxpayer depends. Finally, there is a graduated scale of allowances for life insurance premiums. All of these represent provisions which should be paralleled in the United States.

THE public at large follows Mr. Mellon in believing that people with large incomes try to escape surtaxes by investing in the tax-exempt securities of the states and municipalities. Perhaps they do, but since those securities have increased since 1920 more slowly than those of industrial corporations of foreign governments, the case against them is not complete. Furthermore, it would take a bold man to say that the construction of roads, schoolhouses, and other public works which tax-exempts represent, and which progressed very slowly during the war, should now lag even further behind industy.

In view of the modest $109,000,000 which the estate tax brought into the United States Treasury last year, an amount which was less than 3 per cent of the total tax revenue, the bitter discussions of the last few months seem like tempests in a teapot. But Congress takes the matter seriously, and a decrease in the rates seems imminent.

Briefly, the situation is this: estates of $50,000 and less are exempt from taxation; above that point a progressive tax is imposed which reaches a maximum of 40 per cent for net estates of more than $10,000,000. This maximum rate was 25 per cent under the revenue law of 1921, and the increase to 40 per cent came in 1924. By the terms of the bill taken up by Congress in December the maximum rate was reduced to 20 per cent, but a 25 per cent credit, granted under the law of 1924 for inheritance taxes paid to the states, was changed to 80 per cent.

The campaign for the abolition or reduction of state taxes has been vigorous. In October the governors of 32 states sent a committee of six to the Ways and Means Committee to ask for the repeal or the gradual abolition of the tax.

The grounds on which the objections rest are, first, the principle of taxing estates or inheritances at all, and, second, the "vexation, confusion, and chaos" which result from the conflicts of federal and state taxing power in this field.

Here enter the troublesome experts again. Professor Seligman is reported to have objected to the repeal in these words: "The estate tax is the result of one of the modern democratic movements in the world. When you have a democracy you have an income tax and an estate tax. One is as good as the other." Professor Patterson, in the analysis of the tax bill referred to above, says that "the basic arguments for heavy inheritance taxes are so convincing even to individualists and those with a strong *laissez faire* outlook that they are here to stay." Three-quarters of a century ago John Stuart Mill maintained that in a country where wealth was rapidly increasing there could be no objection to taxing capital in this way.

The fundamental argument for the estate tax is that it is an ability tax. It harms neither the giver, who is beyond temporal enjoyment, nor the recipient, who is in the position of one receiving a windfall. It asks for less sacrifice than an income tax, a property tax, or indirect taxes.

The difficulties caused by the fact that both the national government and the states can levy these taxes are admittedly great. It is hard to see, however, how the retirement of the federal government from the field would materially help them. Such a retirement could not possibly affect Florida's constitutional provision against inheritance taxes, for instance, and the rush to Florida to escape other state taxes which is expected to follow.

The only remedy which is directed towards the difficulty which has been offered in these last discussions was offered by Professor Seligman. He suggested that the federal government should do the collecting for the states and then apportion specific amounts to them. The fact that some of the states apportion and distribute their income taxes to the local units in this way indicates that the plan is practicable.

Another of the various confusions in the public mind is illustrated by the imposition of a gift tax under the revenue act of 1924. The terms of this were like the terms of the estate tax, and it was intended to reach large gifts which were made, presumably, so that an estate tax need not be paid on the capital represented.

Most of the people who endorse estate taxes, however, believe that estates should not pass intact at the time of death, but should be to some extent distributed, a process which is already customary in the United States. In so far as people with large property and security holdings made gifts in contemplation of death, they were voluntarily distributing their property. The state, to be sure, got little of the proceeds, but the public in another sense was frequently the recipient of the gifts, in the form of educational or philanthropic activities or of buildings set apart for the use and enjoyment of a community.

The gift tax, therefore, probably acted as a deterrent to this distribution of property—whether wisely or unwisely it is too soon to say. For this and a number of other reasons, the repeal of the provision is contained in the tax bill.

FOR the last few years we have been living under a system of taxation which is sound in its fundamentals, and which, in the main, is constructed according to the most enlightened modern theory. That is, our system is made up of a variety of taxes, one-half of which, measured in revenue, are direct taxes, namely income and inheritance taxes. Any great change in principle would be a step backward. Such a change is as likely to be suggested, however, by small taxpayers who do not understand that indirect taxes make up their real burden, as by wealthy men who fully understand that they are now being required to pay in proportion to their ability. Insofar as the present bill lightens the income tax at the expense of other taxes, it is a retrogressive step along the line of French fiscal policy rather than of English.

In working out the details of our system, however, we have been hurried and careless. We particularly need a tax commission, or a group of tax commissions, constituted like the British Royal Commission on the Income Tax of 1919; to include and hear the best opinion in the country, to test each device and each rate by all the evidence and authority available, and so to eliminate the rough-and-ready methods which are now reflected in our tax laws.

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James G. McDonald

Bounding America

Canada "ontha" North—Atlantic "ontha" East—
Mexico "ontha" South—The Pacific "ontha" West—
that was the way we used to bound the U. S. A., when it was little more than a question of our place on a colored globe. But the war has taught us that its changing colors—pink, green, blue, yellow—stand for changing peoples, everywhere, whose future is bound up with ours; that beneath the jig-saw patterns into which politics cuts the maps of the world, run social and economic forces that affect the common welfare of mankind.

Slowly we are becoming internationally mindful; and of this there is no better evidence than the rise of the Foreign Policy Association, with its luncheon meetings in various cities, its research departments and first hand sources of intelligence. Beginning in this issue, the chairman of the "F. P. A." will survey the trend of events and their social and international significance. His comments on foreign affairs and American policy will be informal, opportune and characteristically penetrating.

Horizon Lines

A Monthly Survey of Our New International Frontiers

By JAMES G. McDONALD

DECEMBER 1 rather than January 1 may well prove the day from which social historians will reckon developments in Europe this winter. The spectacular signing of the Locarno treaties in London on that day is symbolic of a changing Europe. The seven years' war after the war has come to an end. Germany has again been admitted into the community of states and is soon to enter the League of Nations on a basis of complete equality. Statesmen's speeches, usually so empty of meaning, were in London full of significance. Chamberlain's air of contentment, Briand's cordial and warm friendliness towards the Germans, Stresemann's and Luther's frank happiness, gave a human register of recent swift advances made from the psychology of war towards that of real peace.

The Release of Germany

ALREADY the initial fruits of this new policy of conciliation are tangible and varied. British Tommies, quietly, without waving banners or accompaniment of bands, have begun to evacuate Cologne. Similarly the French and Belgian troops are leaving their portions of the Cologne occupied area. Within a few weeks this portion of the Rhineland region is expected to be free of foreign soldiers.

The Rhineland Commission, once headed by the amiable and just American, General Allen, but during subsequent years a serious source of irritation to the Germans, will rapidly lose its importance. Even in the second and third Rhineland zones, those of Coblenz and Mainz, the number of foreign troops is expected to be rapidly reduced to proportions not much greater than the numbers of German garrisons in the same regions before the war. The occupation, thus made "invisible," will lose much of its sting.

Within the rest of Germany the exasperating Allied supervision of German armament is expected to be taken over shortly by the League of Nations. Germany as a member of the Council of the League will have a voice in the determination of any question as to whether Germany should be penalized for alleged non-fulfillment of disarmament obligations.

Additional concessions are confidently expected. The people of the Saar Valley, whose fate under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles could not be determined finally until 1935, may have an opportunity for a much earlier plebiscite. The terms of the Treaty so hampering to German aerial development will probably be modified. There is even a possibility that Germany's fond dream of again becoming a colonial power may be realized through the turning over to her as a mandate certain territories in Africa. The difficulty is not a lack of will on the part of the former Allies. It is the lack of available territory. For good reasons or bad, all of the mandatories of the former German territories insist that the present arrangement must be allowed to continue. The way out most commonly whispered at Geneva and elsewhere is that ultimately the whole or parts of Portuguese Southwest Africa may be turned over directly or indirectly to German supervision. The Portuguese cannot govern themselves; they govern their African territories wretchedly. Conditions there are so bad that the suggested change could scarcely fail to improve the lot of the natives: it would enormously solace German pride.

The negotiations between France and Germany for a new commercial treaty, which were broken off several

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months ago, will now be resumed. The inevitable marriage between the iron ore of Lorraine and the coal and coke of the Ruhr cannot be long postponed. On that depends the wellbeing of scores of wage-earning communities in one of the most thickly settled industrial regions of the Western world. The seven years' delay since the war has already worked great mischief by artificially stimulating duplication of iron and steel plants on both sides of the Rhine with disastrous results to the whole industry abroad.

The most encouraging of all of the immediate results of Locarno is the improvement in the German morale. Despite the bitter opposition of the extreme reactionaries and militarists, the treaties were promptly ratified by the decisive vote of 291 to 174 on November 27. President Hindenburg used his unique prestige to secure a quick and favorable decision. With punctilious regard for his constitutional duties he followed the advice of Chancellor Luther and Foreign Minister Stresemann. In the eight months since his election he has in truth dignified the Republic and, as against the prophesies of radicals at home, and nationalists abroad, he has strengthened the peace forces throughout the Reich. There are signs that his moral influence in German affairs, domestic and international, may come to be comparable in scope and importance with that of Edward VII in British affairs a generation ago. If now, as seems inevitable, Germany enters the League of Nations with full rights and full responsibilities—which is an integral and essential condition to rendering the Locarno treaties effective—it will be a step as momentous and irrevocable as if the United States were to enter the League of Nations under the presidency of Senator Borah.

The Other Side of the Ledger

BUT Locarno, even if our most optimistic expectations are realized, has not solved all of Europe's problems. And it has left untouched many of the gravest international questions in Africa and Asia. Russia is still an outcast despite her formal recognition by all the great Powers except the United States. She has in no real sense entered the community of states, much less the League itself.

Britain is still struggling ineffectually to find work for a million and a quarter of unemployed. No leader or party is offering an internal program which inspires conviction. The Conservatives accuse Labor of sabotage and ca' canny; MacDonald and his followers retort that reactionary financial and industrial leaders are the real obstacles to progress. Deep pessimism is the dominant British mood, despite the lusty reaction to Philip Gibbs when he threw out the question, "Is Britain done for?"

France is tottering on the edge of the slippery slope of inflation. The Painlevé Government was forced out of office because of its inability to reconcile the capital levy demanded by the Socialists and Radicals, who control the Chamber, with the unalterable opposition to this drastic measure from the Conservatives, who control the Senate. Failing an agreement between these two extremes, Painlevé, even after his formal resignation, was authorized to increase the franc note circulation by 1,500,000,000, to meet the government's immediately pressing obligations. The new ministry, headed by Briand, Premier for the eighth time, resorted at once to still more inflation,—in this instance seven billion five hundred million francs. This, it is proposed, shall be compensated for in part by extraordinary taxes to be levied and collected within the next two months. But it is so much easier to print paper francs than to collect additional taxes! Unless, therefore, France promptly enters upon rigorous and drastic fiscal reform, the franc may rapidly depreciate. There are French economists who argue that this would be the easiest and perhaps the best way out. If the franc went the way of the mark, the French government would be relieved of nearly two-thirds of its present expenditures, but the results for millions of middle-class Frenchmen would be impoverishment and in many cases destitution.

Mandates and the Moslem World

IN Morocco the colonial warfare has reached a stalemate. The winter rains have begun, so that there is no possibility of France continuing her aggressive advance until spring. In the meantime Abd-el-Krim will have an opportunity to reorganize his forces. Thus far the French losses in men have not been very substantial, but the money cost has reached, it is admitted, nearly $50,000,000.

But it is in Syria that France is facing her most difficult colonial war. A series of stupid administrative blunders by the head of the French forces, General Sarrail, a political general of the type who so frequently has brought disgrace and disaster on French arms, outraged the sensibilities of the natives. There followed the uprising of the Druse tribes, a warlike and hitherto unsubdued sect living in the mountains of Damascus, which began in July and which has not yet been crushed. Then came the shelling of Damascus, which has been described by non-French observers as disgraceful and unnecessary and these observers have now borne their testimony beyond the cordon of censorships. The event served only to stimulate sympathy for the Druses throughout Syria and to arouse the disapproval of many people in all parts of the world.

Sarrail's successor, Henri de Jouvenel, reached Damascus the first week in December. He is a civilian, a liberal, and a staunch believer in the League of Nations. French optimists are confident that he will show a punctilious regard for France's duty as a mandatory.

> The Covenant of the League of Nations declares that Syria is one of those territories whose "existence as independent nations can be provisionally recognized subject to the rendering of administrative advice and assistance by a mandatory until such time as they are able to stand alone."

Unless de Jouvenel can effectively demonstrate that France takes seriously the principle of trusteeship, which is the only moral basis for her presence in Syria, she will continue to face bristling and perhaps insurmountable difficulties.

It should never be forgotten that the difficulties of France in Morocco and Syria are not merely, nor even primarily, French difficulties. Underlying the causes of exasperation which grow out of French mistakes are other and much more intrinsic reasons for discontent. The non-white and non-Christian peoples of Africa and Western Asia are developing a sense of unity as against the Western and so-called "Christian" peoples. Recently a very well informed Italian diplomat, long resident in the Near East, expressed in private conversation his conviction that within a generation all of the European political control would be eliminated from Northern Africa and the Near East. It is symptomatic that Islam is making progress at the expense of Christianity in these regions. This is not so much because the natives

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prefer the doctrines of Mohammed but because they see in the Koran a bond tying them all together against the aggressions and injustices of the Christian West.

China in Recoil

IN the Far East an even more acute crisis is shaking the long-established and heretofore apparently secure Western supremacy. China, despite its administrative disorganization, or indeed in part because of it, is no longer susceptible of military pressure from the outside. The shifting phantom governments in Peking, exercising no real power, can no longer be used as a means for coercing China. Pressure may still be applied at Peking, but it does not register fifty miles beyond the city gates. The administrative wires with the provinces have been cut. Moreover, the Chinese have lost no little of their fear of the Westerner if not their respect for him. Dissillusioned by the Great War, embittered by recent events in Canton and Shanghai, and played upon incessantly by Bolshevik agitators, vast numbers of Chinese are in revolt against everything associated with the West.

The first tacit recognition by the Powers of the strength of this recoil came with the Customs Conference which is still in session at Peking. China's right to enjoy tariff autonomy has been definitely conceded. The tariff restrictions in existing treaties are to be removed, and a Chinese National Tariff Law is to go into effect January 1, 1929. China at the same time declared that *likin* (the vexatious tax on goods in inland transit) will be abolished by the end of 1928. These great gains in principle registered, the Conference is continuing quietly at work on statistics and formulas for the forthcoming tariff increases, apparently undisturbed by China's chronic civil warfare.

The next step towards the freeing of China from foreign control comes before the Conference on Extraterritoriality which began its sessions in Peking in December. The difficulties in satisfying China's demands for the elimination of the exercise of foreign jurisdiction are greater than those inherent in the tariff. Foreign opinion as to the practicability of reliance on Chinese courts and administration is sharply divided. Germany and Austria of course lost their extraterritoriality rights as a result of the War. Russia has on her own initiative given up hers. Those who favor the abolition of extraterritoriality argue that the interests of these three countries have not been jeopardized—rather the reverse—by their loss of special position. Liberal missionary leaders and some of the American and other business men take this view. But over against this it is urged that China has as yet no real government, that there is little prospect of an effective central authority being established in the near future, that the Chinese courts are still antiquated in their procedure. It is therefore argued that the surrender of extraterritoriality would certainly endanger the lives of thousands of foreigners and probably destroy millions of dollars of foreign property. The next few weeks will tell whether any progress can be made towards a solution of this hotly disputed question.

It should be emphasized that in the Chinese Tariff Conference the United States Government took a very advanced position, and that the gains made are attributable in no small part to this encouraging leadership. There were no indications in advance of the conference as to whether Washington would urge a similar far-sighted policy with respect to extraterritoriality; but such a course was urged at the conference at Johns Hopkins early in the fall.

In the meantime the Chinese political situation becomes steadily more confused. The surprising disintegration during the last few weeks of the powerfully pro-Japanese Chang-Tso-Lin, Manchurian war lord, at the hands of the pro-Russian Kuo-Sung-Lin, creates the grave possibility of a clash between Japan and Russia. The Government in Peking, living from day to day in constant danger of being displaced by the rivalries of military chieftains, exercises but a shadow of authority outside the city. The single bond of unity throughout the country appears to be the anti-foreign propaganda. As a part of this campaign the leaders have announced that Christmas Day is to be utilized for a nation-wide protest against the special privileges of the Christian and foreign Powers in China.

The World Court Drive

HERE at home public attention will be concentrated on the debates in the Senate on the question of adherence to the Permanent Court of International Justice. President Coolidge's address in New York November 19, in which he again urged prompt action, is an encouraging sign that he is not yielding to the blandishments of those who would add plausible reservations unacceptable to the participating governments or to the threats of those who would not have us adhere on any terms. He was mistaken, however, when he suggested that Europe would be greatly encouraged by America's "entrance into the Court." Europe knows that the Court is a going concern, and that the United State's adherence would add but little to its strength. Indeed, all that we propose to do is to pay about $35,000 a year towards the expenses of the Court, and once in nine years send representatives to Geneva to take part in the election of judges. The Court is an integral part of the world's peace system, and will remain such whether we join or not.

The significance of the movement for the Court in this country lies precisely in the fact that adherence would be but a small, hesitating, first step. It would be a moral victory. If this fight cannot be won, then no worthwhile fight for international cooperation can be won. If this proposal, supported by two Republican presidents and two Republican secretaries of state and for which forty Democrats in the Senate are prepared to vote, cannot sooner or later secure a two-thirds majority, then no really helpful measure can secure that majority. Because there is an instinctive realization that the Court issue is a crucial test, the peace forces of the country are rallying with amazing unanimity. As on no other issue, the organized business groups, organized labor, organized women's clubs, the great religious denominations, the League of Women Voters as well as the peace organizations are uniting their forces to overcome the opposition of the small but able and fearless group of Senators headed by Borah.

An interesting example of the educational effect of the Court campaign is the student conferences which have been held in every part of the country during the last few weeks. Using this question as a basis, thousands of young men and women have been studying the problems inherent in America's relation to the world. The Senator from Idaho may yet be credited in history as having been unwittingly our greatest educator on our international responsibilities.

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That Clinical Year: *A Symposium*

DR. CABOT made his plea for it in the training of theological students in Survey Graphic for December. He urged "the need of a clinical year as a part of theological study—not a medical year or a sociological year, but a year of practice in applying religious beliefs in the attempt to encourage, to console, to steady human souls and to learn from them as well as from failures in attempting to help them." Here his proposal is taken up, supported and challenged from a dozen angles, and Dr. Cabot will make rejoinder in Survey Graphic for February. In that issue Dr. Cabot will tell of his adventures on a second borderland of ethics: that of the medical profession.

UNQUESTIONABLY Dr. Cabot has uncovered a weak spot in theological education. Most theological schools undertake to train their students for their work as preachers, teachers, leaders of worship and administrators. I know of no theological school which puts equal emphasis on the deeper aspects of their work as pastors or physicians of souls. The lack corresponds, I fear, to a relative neglect of the pastoral office in the present practice of the ministry.

There are difficulties in the teaching of pastoral care which serve to keep alive the dogma that it cannot be taught. They arise from the fact that the ministry is concerned with the whole personal life and with the deepest and most sensitive areas of life. The more near we come to dealing with the individual as such the more the principle of individuality enters in. Consequently many skilled pastors say that there can be no guide for the pastor except acquaintance with and love for the individual.

Beyond this, there are greater difficulties in providing clinical experience of soul-sickness than is the case with bodily sickness. The man in moral distress or with a troubled spirit opens his heart with hesitation and only to one who has gained his confidence. He will not and should not open it in the presence of a third party.

But these difficulties do not justify the view that pastoral care cannot be taught in some important measure. It can be taught as medicine and law and social work are taught, by the presentation to the students of cases that have been dealt with by active practitioners.

Nor is it impossible to provide that theological students should have clinical experience of their own under direction. They can get experience in institutions,, not because the inmates of institutions are helpless in the face of invaders, but because human friendship is sorely needed there, and in giving that legitimate service they can gain first-hand experience in the ministry to individuals. I do not think that they can watch their teachers at work, as can the medical student, but they can share their experience with teachers engaged in similar work.

All this will be greatly aided if the student can enter the institution as the medical interne does, with some professional standing and title. The magic in those titles, "doctor," "reverend," "professor" is great and covers a multitude of sins.

Those of us who live next door to Dr. Cabot rejoice that he has looked across into our yard and seen some of our weaknesses with the wise eyes of a diagnostician and that he has brought such very definite suggestions as to a remedy.

ANGUS DUN

AS I picked up Dr. Cabot's article and read the title and the first few sentences, my antagonism to the practice of psychotherapy by the clergy which has been lying dormant for some time was stirred into action, and I felt that here was probably another suggestion that would result in the young minister getting a smattering of medicine and undertaking to treat his practitioners for their several ills.

However, as I read along further, I began to appreciate that the Doctor was arguing for a greater knowledge on the part of the clergyman of the nature of the human material that he has to meet in the course of his pastoral duties, and of course with this I am in entire sympathy. None of us can know our job, whatever it is, any too well, and if it will help the minister—and it ought to—to know something more about the human being as we doctors know him, there is no reason why he should not have access to that information. I should not call the acquisition of such knowledge the socialization of the minister, but his humanization. We all need this kind of information. The world never needed it worse than it does now and, of course, the ministers are included.

When I came to the latter part of the article, however—to be specific, Sections 6 and 7—I was very much astonished at some of the things contained therein and which brought me back to the idea that after all what the author had in mind was the actual practice of psychotherapy by the minister, for he said, in answer to his question, "What is the minister or theological student to do in these institutions?" "He is to look after the minds, the emotions, the wills, the souls of the inmates as the physicians and nurses now care for their physical welfare." In this answer, he has voiced, to my mind, the most serious reactinary tendency in medicine, and one which it has been my privilege to fight against for years; namely, that the physician's duties began and ended with the care of the body of the patient. I had hoped that it might be unnecessary at this day and age to argue against this position with any but the uninformed because of lack of opportunity. With the biologist talking in terms of the "organism as a whole," and the psychiatrist emphasizing the fact that the body is nothing except the machine with which to carry out the purposes of the mind, it seems hardly credible that a leading medical authority should be willing to sponsor this mid-Victorian attitude any longer. Leaving out in the answer above quoted, the word "souls," the Doctor stated precisely the task of the physician. My feeling is that the medical man can better occupy himself in improving the educational advantages and

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opportunities of the medical student, and in seeing the mind should receive as much attention as is given to the body, rather than expending his energies in other fields.

Finally, in closing, let me indicate how far afield the author is in his comments upon institutions for what he is pleased to call the insane. It does not seem possible that he can have had any recent touch with the work of these institutions or any sympathetic attitude of mind toward the nature of their problems, the difficulties they have had to overcome and the marvelous progress they have been making in the present century. He talks of abuses in such institutions just as the layman talks about them, and he seems to think that attendants can be had if you will pay enough money for them. How simple the solution and how easy of application! He speaks also of the task of caring for the insane as "hard, thankless, monotonous and discouraging." If there is any more fascinating field of medicine than psychiatry, I certainly do not know it. I would like to invite Dr. Cabot to take a peek into this field rather than stand outside and presume what is within.

WILLIAM A. WHITE, M. D.

AN experience that has just come to us bears directly upon Dr. Cabot's suggestion. A young man graduated from one of the large universities of the Pacific Coast entered in the fall a theological seminary of the East. After two months he came to New York city, presenting himself at my office and asking if he might spend some time in our organization studying our community. The theological seminary had not gripped him, and he was undecided as to whether he wanted to go into the ministry or not. He asked to spend just such a time of clinical study as Dr. Cabot suggests to discover concrete data upon which to base his final decision. He is with us now and his presence shows that there is need in our theological institutions for a more vital contact with life.

I feel, however, that Dr. Cabot does not go far enough in his suggestions for this clinical year. Hospitals, insane hospitals, and almshouses care for those who have broken down physically, mentally and economically. To serve them with the hope of remedying their condition is a fine Christian endeavor. But why not, in such a year of clinical study, enlarge the scope to include with the remedial the prophylactic? Everything should be done for the student and his professor that Dr. Cabot suggests, but if both were compelled in this year to study the results of our present system and at the same time to search through clinical processes for the causes in modern life which produce these results, the year would be a much more satisfactory one.

The church today is largely a middle class and upper class organization. Students for the ministry are groomed to make themselves available for pulpits that stand for the "status quo." If they could by clinical routine be brought face to face with the conditions (*Continued on page* 447)

Herewith We Present

THE REVEREND ANGUS DUN, who writes as a neighbor of Dr. Cabot's from his chair of systematic theology in the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Cambridge.

DR. WILLIAM A. WHITE, one of the ripest and most authoritative of the physicians who practice and teach psychiatry, superintendent since 1903 of St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington.

THE REVEREND A. RAY PETTY, pastor of the Judson Memorial in New York, which is not only a Baptist church but a flourishing center of neighborhood health work.

ALEXANDER JOHNSON, for many years secretary of the National Conference of Social Work, and long secretary of the State Board of Charities and head of the Indiana School for the Feebleminded.

THE REVEREND CHARLES N. LATHROP, who occupies the pivotal position of executive secretary of the Department of Christian Social Service in the National Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

DR. WALTER S. GOODALE, who as the superintendent of the Buffalo City Hospital has demonstrated that such an institution can be gracious as well as merciful.

RABBI RUDOLPH I. COFFEE, who served as superintendent of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum in New York before entering a ministry which has carried him successively to Pittsburgh; Chicago; Toledo; and to Temple Sinai, Oakland, California. He is chaplain of the California State Assembly and associated (as president in 1923) with the Jewish Committee for Personal Service in State Institutions.

JOHN KLEIN, who heads the Hawthorne School of the Jewish Board of Guardians in New York, and there exemplifies the ripe technique and high ethical standard which make it distinguished among protective institutions.

PROFESSOR ABRAHAM CRONBACH, whose Department of Social Studies at the Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, has already moved measurably toward this plan.

A. J. MUSTE, who remarks that he was once a "good pastor"—now shepherds the labor education movement as head of Brookwood Labor College.

HENRY C. WRIGHT, once a deputy commissioner for the Department of Public Charities in New York city, and for many years an authority on institutional administration. He is now director of the Hospital and Institutional Bureau of Consultation, and incidentally a trustee of Bellevue and Allied Hospitals in New York.

PROFESSOR JEROME DAVIS, who after a varied experience in American and European social service went to the Yale Divinity School in 1924 as Gilbert L. Stark professor of practical philanthropy and whose students each summer go out into a wide range of jobs to acquaint themselves with life and labor.

HASTINGS H. HART, dean of child welfare workers, active for many years in Minnesota, Illinois, and New York, before coming to the Russell Sage Foundation where he is now consultant on delinquency and penology.

SHERWOOD EDDY, Young Men's Christian Association secretary first in India and then for Asia in general, now a roving apostle of international good will and the practical social application of the Gospel.

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Painting by Winold Reiss

NANA AMOAH III

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Nana Amoah: An African Statesman

By ALAIN LOCKE

AS Nana Amoah III sat for his portrait in Mr. Reiss' studio in lower New York—a picture of strange striking beauty and dignity which the artist has happily captured, there was to my eye only one note of incongruousness. It was not the incongruity of an African king in a New York studio—for Nana Amoah was full of an ancestral dignity beyond the power of place to change; he brought his own atmosphere. Nor was it that of my knowledge that here in these stiff ancient clothes was a man keen, agile-minded, in full control of the urbanities and progressiveness of European civilization. It was the fact that the king had two scepters; marvelous as were these filigreed gold batons, one, it would seem, in these days, was a-plenty. But what Chief Amoah held in his right hand turned out to be the visible justification of calling him an African statesman—one of his jeweled swords was the symbol of his hereditary authority as King of the Fanti, one of the largest and most prosperous of the African Gold Coast nations, a family heirloom of forty generations, the second, a replica of the first, was recently presented him by the British government in recognition of his services for education in this the most prosperous and progressive of the English African colonies.

Statesmanship as distinguished from its counterfeits is the art of making progress without revolution. Here was a man of more than medieval authority, with an almost Oriental hold upon his native institutions and tradition, but modern minded to the last degree, one who before his accession to his title had built up a large personal fortune in business in London, who had privately financed the professional training of numbers of African students, cooperated with the British government in the establishment of Achimota College, eventually to become the great native university of the coast of West Africa, and who was now on a visit of inspection of the important economic and educational centers of America. His special mission was to secure a first-hand knowledge of American methods for the government projects now under way on the Gold Coast, but one of the main effects of his visit will be another linking up of interest and cooperative effort between the Negro leaders of Africa and America, in ways of which the general public, sensation-struck with the chimerical schemes of a Marcus Garvey, has so little knowledge. For an American-trained African, Professor Aggrey who accompanied King Nana, is vice-principal of Achimota College and no small part in the stimulation of the Colony to this venture in higher education was played by the visit of the American Commission of the Phelps-Stokes Fund to West Africa, in 1920-21.

Apropos of this, Nana Amoah himself said in an interview on leaving America,

> The black people in America should be proud of the fact that they are Africans, and they should adopt the name African and use it. I think the place for the African in America is America, where through education and industrial advancement, they will in the future generations be of the greatest assistance to Africa. Africa in turn has much to give. From the exchanges of increasing intercourse, great mutual gain and good must come.

This was said as, in dapper English civilians, he was ruthlessly led out to the upper deck to be kodaked by the representatives of the American press. The night before, in native robes and surrounded by friends at a farewell dinner, he had said with equal earnestness,

> Our African institutions are much misunderstood. Much of our progress on the West Coast has come through them. Our system of communal land tenure has saved us from the evils of the plantation system, and with our great industry of cocoa has made possible the extraordinary industrial development of the colony. Again our political institutions, the native councils, have enabled us to participate in a constructive way with the British. Future progress must be built upon our native institutions, not upon their ruins.

This, I submit, is statesmanship; of a kind that assures Africa of a new day.

THERE are some remarkably encouraging facts in the recent history of the Gold Coast Colony In the first place, it has become the largest cocoa producing country of the world. Over a quarter of the world's total, or 120,000 tons, was produced there in 1924. A government manual says:

> More noteworthy than even these figures is the fact that the whole of this great agricultural industry is in the hands of, and worked by, the African farmer himself. Here we have no European-run plantations worked by native labor, receiving a nominal daily wage and financed by European capital, but an industry organized and carried on throughout by hardy farmers, owning their own land, and planting, picking, and marketing the fruit of their own toil.

The prosperity of this and the trade in mineral ores, gold and manganese, have caused the colony to be "the first of the colonies to recover from the economic depression of the war." Intensive cultivation by native small planters has diffused this prosperity through the people. Native institutions have held up, partly through the intense race pride for which the Ashanti nation is famous, and partly because of the exceptionally enlightened policy of the recent government. In Achimota College alone, under the progressive Governor, Sir Gordon Guggisberg, a two million dollar project in the higher liberal and professional training of Africans has been undertaken, which will merge with the present training college upon completion of the new buildings in January 1927. From an educational budget of £56,000 in 1920 there has been an increase to £140,000 in 1925, and a reading either of the governor's report or of his plea for a thoroughgoing system of native education in a booklet called The Keystone will convince anyone that an exceptional program is under way. Such a system is referred to as the basic guarantee of a sound and profitable custodianship of the colony. The standard for an accepted school is 350 school days per year, with daily sessions of not

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less than four and a half hours, and an average daily attendance of 20; standards that some of our own states in America might do well to adopt and enforce.

Of course the trade tables explain in part some of these things; but a significant lesson in colonial government has been learned if it has been found more profitable to take the native into economic partnership. Other illuminating facts in the situation are that the West African troops fought the first German-British encounter of the World War, and under leadership with which they had eight times previously been at war, captured Togoland, the Cameroons, and British East Africa. And from the same Coast colony there came the initiative which in 1924 brought the representative delegation to London that demanded fuller participation of native Africans in colonial government. In short, Africa and England are more and more coming to a give and take basis in their relationships with one another, and nowhere more so than on the Gold Coast where a sturdy native spirit eixsts that commands respect even in the subordinate position of colonial dependence.

THE role of the native spirit and the caliber of native leadership are not to be underestimated in this; in spite of the credit that must fairly be given to progressive colonial administrators like Governor Guggisberg, or far-seeing organizations like the Parliamentary Committee on Native Education, or generous American initiative like that which brought the cooperation of the Educational Commissions to West Africa and East Africa. It is not a mere coincidence that here where there is the greatest progress there should have been a national spirit that British arms could subdue but not eradicate; that while King Prempeh was captured and exiled, the Golden Stool of Ashanti was never taken. In presenting the Princess Mary with a silver replica of this upon the occasion of her marriage, the oldest Queen Mother, Sewa Akoto, said: "It does not contain our soul as our Golden Stool does, but it does contain the love of all us Queen Mothers." One loyalty reenforces another, respect for one civilization breeds respect for another; the progress of the Gold Coast teaches this exceptional and vital lesson. Caysley Hayford, leading barrister of the Gold Coast, and spokesman for the West African delegation that we have mentioned, has bravely defended the native tradition in his book on Native Gold Coast Institutions, and a native scholar, J. S. Sarbah, has written an authoritative treatise on Fanti Customary Law by which, I daresay, more civilization is maintained than any unassisted English code could hope to enforce. Again, the native arts and crafts of the Ashanti are famous, and a Technical College strives to revive them and guarantee their perpetuation. So where native institutions have yielded least, progress of the European sort has gained most. The successful colonial technique of the future must rest upon such reciprocity of culture and institutions.

A person like King Amoah is the very embodiment of the ideals of such a policy: progressive but not Europeanized, Christian but not fanatical about Africa's wholesale conversion, race-proud and race-conscious, but personally most modest and democratic, a supporter of English management but a staunch advocate of native initiative and autonomy.

But in terms of a remark made in answer to well-merited praise for his achievements, let me call attention to the subtlest of the qualities of this sort of leadership,—its complete and quite religious identification of itself with its cause. "Men are disposed to praise me for many things, but I am only a humble servant and messenger; they should recognize the man who is accomplishing it all—he is God." The leadership which this era must eventually recognize as its best is the spiritual social leadership of men who are the voice and symbol of awakening peoples; and about them is always this strange and compelling impersonality. The African world needs its Mustapha Kemals and its Gandhis, and on the horizon of such needs we see two significant figures, Ras Taffari of Abyssinia, and Nana Amoah of the Gold Coast.

River Town

By EDWIN FORD PIPER

Why is it that a man out of a job—
Why does he always come down to the river?

Youngsters come
To throw splashing stones.

The old fisherman with the bracket neck,
The pole, and the cob pipe,
Is as calm as the river.

Sick people, too,
Getting better, getting worse,
Watch here
The slow changes.

Nothing to eat, nothing to do—
The splintering weight of the discontinuous.

A happening
Would be a surprise.
Give me tobacco or chewing gum or cat's cradle—
Continuity.

Getting better is a job.

Let there be resting places—

The river is a job and a faith.

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EDITORIALS

ANYONE who knows what a winter-time coal strike means in the homes of the poor in the northern states, what it means in hospitals and other institutions where hard driven folk are stewards of life and death, what it means in the mining towns themselves, would not wish to see such a struggle as that which has dragged on in the anthracite fields since late summer prolonged by a single day. Indeed before this is printed some shift may have ended it. But that it has dragged on into the winter may prove the lash that has been needed to get the American public seriously to reckon with the coal problem and throw enough weight into the traces to get our national fuel cart out of the ruts. Without this lash, there was not enough interest at the last session of Congress to have the recommendations of the U. S. Coal Commission taken up seriously. President Coolidge again recommended them in his message to the new Congress in December; and while he wants to see Muscle Shoals turned over to private hands, as the demonstration ad absurdum of public operation, we find him asking for more power to the federal elbow in dealing with an industry which in private hands seems to leave something to be desired. He wrote:

> At the present time the national government has little or no authority to deal with this vital necessity of life of the country. It has permitted itself to remain so powerless that its only attitude must be humble supplication. Authority should be lodged with the President and the Departments of Commerce and Labor, giving them power to deal with an emergency. They should be able to appoint temporary boards with authority to call for witnesses and documents, conciliate differences, encourage arbitration, and in case of threatened scarcity, exercise control over distribution.

WHILE President Coolidge is thus feeling Uncle Sam's muscle, Governor Pinchot, failing in his efforts at mediation, has thrown off William Penn's coat and called the Pennsylvania legislature in special session in mid-January to consider his recommendation that the anthracite industry be declared a public utility and, as such, subject to public regulation. The events which led up to this move afford an interesting exhibit of trends of opinion under pressure of the strike situation.

First there were those who looked no further than a resumption of mining; stop the strike; dig coal one way or another. There were others ready to turn such public impatience to their own ends. Thus the Manufacturers' Association of West Philadelphia called upon the National Association of Manufacturers, the Founders' Association and other business organizations not famed for their sympathy for organized labor, to support it in demanding repeal of the Pennsylvania miners' license law which requires two years of experience before men can work as full-fledged miners. One by-product of that law is to make strike-breaking difficult; that explains the move by this extreme group of employers; but disinterested students of the question support the miners in regarding the licensing law as their most effective protection against the dangerous consequences of inexperience in an industry where, even with the protection of the law, between five and six hundred out of a total of 158,000 men are killed every year and tens of thousands injured.

Capital and labor have an inveterate habit of playing leap frog with the issue of arbitration, as our industrial history for the past twenty-five years shows; and Governor Pinchot's effort at intervention added a snap-shot to the familiar moving picture.

The anthracite operators, through their legal counsel, their publicity bureau and advertisements had earlier cried to high heaven that they wanted arbitration and that in declining to submit to arbitration the miners were repudiating a policy to which organized labor was widely committed and which had been sanctified by their own great leader of former years, John Mitchell, and by the Roosevelt Commission of 1903. Then on November 27, Governor Pinchot proposed his plan of arbitration which the miners promptly accepted and the operators with considerable vigor declined. They wanted arbitration, but arbitration by a board constituted in accordance with a formula of their own; this formula the miners turn down.

Governor Pinchot proposed that an agreement should be entered into for a period of five years. He asked the operators to pledge themeslves not to increase the price of anthracite to the consumer by reason of the suspension or of the consequences of the agreement beyond the prices scheduled for 1925. Similarly he asked the miners to pledge to return to work without an increase in wages except insofar as a board of investigation and award might find that the operators could "reasonably pay an increase of wages without increasing the price of coal." He proposed that this board should consist of two men chosen by the miners, two by the operators, and three others selected by these four. As a basis for its determinations on this and other questions, the board of investigation and award would have free and full access to the "original records of miners and operators." These are the major elements in a plan of arbitration which the miners accepted (but stalled at his suggestion that they

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return to work before an agreement was signed); in a plan which the operators rejected as "completely failing to meet the necessities of the situation."

GOVERNOR PINCHOT made their stand his text when on December 14 he called the Pennsylvania legislature to meet in special session to consider regulation of the anthracite coal business, together with seven other topics which pressed for legislative adjustment—among them the governor's giant power program and the approval of the Delaware River tri-state compact. To quote the salient passages in his statement:

The anthracite coal strike, which was at first a strike of the miners against the operators, has therefore now become a strike of the operators against the public.

The public interests are gravely injured already and threatened with still more serious damage. Negotiations are at a standstill. The public must either suffer in silence or it must take measures to protect itself.

The anthracite industry is a monopoly which has created such a relationship to the public that the stoppage of anthracite production is materially dangerous to the life and health of the people. The attorney general has advised me that under the clear intent of a recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States the anthracite industry, being a monopoly, may be declared to be affected with a public interest and therefore subject to regulation as a public utility.

Action by the legislature declaring the anthracite monopoly to be a public utility will supply some degree of public control where none exists today; will furnish information never before revealed, and will exert the most powerful influence the public can apply toward the settlement of the strike.

"What is equally important," he added, "it will be the most effective step that can be taken toward securing uninterrupted prosperity for the inhabitants of the anthracite region and an uninterrupted supply of anthracite for those who need it."

THUS, within the month, the emphasis has been shifted from the current and pressing question of strike settlement to the grave underlying problem of public control and no less the problem of a permanent and stable organization of the industry.

To the latter end, the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference has continued to urge upon operators and miners the adoption of an agreement patterned upon the Baltimore and Ohio union-management cooperative plan. Under such an arrangement, it is argued, the men could relinquish their demand for a 10 per cent increase in exchange for the assurance that they would share in the savings resulting from their increased efficiency; the operators could afford to grant the check-off of union dues in exchange for the greater responsibility which the union would exercise under such a cooperative arrangement.

A significant and thought-provoking contribution to the discussion was the open letter addressed by some forty economists and engineers to Major W. W. Inglis, chairman of the Anthracite Operators' Negotiating Committee and President Lewis of the United Mine Workers of America. The signers of this letter, among whom are four past presidents of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, five past presidents of the American Economic Association and a past president of the Society of Industrial Engineers, contend that

the responsibility for maintaining an uninterrupted and effective supply of anthracite coal rests upon you, operators and miners *jointly;* . . . no agreement will insure continuity of production and distribution in the future which fails to provide a continuing joint agency which will concern itself, not so much with the adjustment of grievances, as with the constructive consideration of the underlying economic and technical facts by which all questions of wages, working conditions and earnings must in the end be determined.

That a group of men of this character should publicly declare their belief that the responsibility for the conduct of a great industry like anthracite rests jointly upon workers and operators is a highly interesting sign of the times.

TO patch up the wage bargain in the hard coal fields, to agree on a method of getting together to patch it up, even to settle it for five years—however great relief these might offer to a nation of consumers in mid-winter, are after all only surface operations. Shafts need to be sunk into the great seams which underlie the strike. The winter's difficulties will have been so much slag if they fail to put power behind a program which will open up the situation in a larger way; which will define the public's stake in coal and release governmental authority to protect it; and which will base a sounder structure of trade government on the joint responsibility of operators and miners for production.

In all this one thing is clear. The public ought to know the facts. And it ought to know them not merely in times of crisis; not merely in such an encyclopedic survey as the Coal Commission's report, which came from the Government Printing Office in December. Official action will be balked or spasmodic, and public opinion will be alternately lethargic or hectic, until we have an independent and continuing fact-finding agency which will guide us through the maze of technicalities to the simple and essential considerations on which public policy must ultimately and consecutively rest.

IN hundreds of churches throughout the country, Arthur Nash has told the story of how he applied the Golden Rule in his clothing factory. His prosperity has been phenomenal; his sincerity has been attested by his fellow Universalists; but his claims have not gone uncontroverted by disinterested investigators. He has been under fire from labor circles, and has been applauded as a shining example by "open shop" employers.

These things give the setting to the dramatic episode described by Mr. Bruère, when in mid-December Mr. Nash threw open his doors to President Hillman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers (page 412).

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The tenets of the Nash program were early brought out in the American Magazine, Success, and elsewhere; how they worked out in practice was appraised by S. Adele Shaw in The Survey for March 18, 1922: Hitting the Trail in Industry. A committee of the Federal Council of Churches made report that year, casting up both pluses and minuses on its ledger of inquiry; and another committee has been out on the subject as result of a spirited debate at a conference of the Fellowship for a Christian Social Order at Olivet College last summer.

"It's a real democracy," said Mr. Nash in 1922. Miss Shaw found a "shop in which no system of democracy prevails." "There isn't a problem that the group doesn't take up in mass meeting," said Mr. Nash. Mr. Bruère relates how, four years later, Arthur Nash went to the mat at such a mass meeting, and in the name of democracy and Christianity, and against the opposition of his own executives, pleaded with his employes to join the union.

Arthur Nash was born in a log cabin, was at one time tramp and atheist, a minister of the Seventh Day Adventist Church, later a clothing sales man, then a direct-to-the-public dealer and finally a manufacturer on his own, with the Golden Rule his slogan.

AS the effort to have Charlotte Anita Whitney pardoned reached its climax, it was announced that the United States Supreme Court—which had once declined jurisdiction in her case—would give her appeal a rehearing. The assumption is therefore that a decision may later be handed down in which the constitutionality of the California criminal syndicalism law, under which Miss Whitney was convicted, will be determined. In view of these important developments The Survey has postponed publication of Chester Rowell's article, announced for the present issue.

In New York Benjamin Gitlow, Socialist and once a member of the state Assembly, has been pardoned by Governor Alfred E. Smith after serving nearly two years of his five to ten year sentence for violation of the criminal anarchy law. New York's law dates from the reaction which followed the assassination of President McKinley, but it had not been vigorously enforced until it was employed as an "anti-red" weapon after the war. Governor Smith has reaffirmed the position he took on the ground of sound public policy two years before the constitutionality of the law had been established. In pardoning James Larkin, who had been convicted under the same Act, he commented (see The Survey Feb. 15, 1923):

> Political progress results from the clash of conflicting opinions. The public assertion of an erroneous doctrine is perhaps the surest way to disclose the error and make it evident to the electorate. And it is a distinct disservice of the state to impose for the utterance of a misguided opinion such extreme punishment as may tend to deter in proper cases that full and free discussion of political issues which is a fundamental of democracy.

The Supreme Court, by recent decision, has held this statute constitutional.

If the California Act is also upheld, after the rehearing, Governor Smith has shown the way to Governor Richardson, with respect not only to Miss Whitney but to the seventy-two prisoners now serving sentences in California for similar offenses. But official clemency is at best a back-handed way to meet the menace of such laws as these. They should be erased from the statute-books as the first step in a rational method of dealing with disturbing minorities.

IN prompt rejoinder to the pamphlet on compulsory military training in schools and colleges published by the Committee on Militarism in New York quoted in The Survey Midmonthly for Dec. 15, p. 340, the War Department has restated its position in a letter dispatched, according to the press, to the commanders of army corps areas. The Department "stands squarely in favor of military training for the greatest possible number of students, considering available personnel, funds and equipment."

> The War Department's stand in this matter [the circular continues] is based upon its plans for national defense made pursuant to the National Defense Act, which in turn are based on the constitutional principle of common defense.
>
> The successful application of the principles of common defense can only be assured when every citizen, including students in universities and colleges, realizes his obligation under the adopted policy, is acquainted with the War Department plans to execute said policy, and is prepared to play his part in these plans. The principle of common defense and the adopted system under which it is carried out is not new, as it has existed in America since the earliest Colonial days.

Meanwhile the pamphlet in question, embodying the report of a study made by Winthrop D. Lane, has aroused wide interest. Within three days after its publication was announced orders had been received from all parts of the country; the R. O. T. C. unit of one western state university ordered copies for all its members.

College undergraduates continue to show a realization of the importance of this question, and an ability to discuss it with a spiritedness and good humor that might well be taken to heart by their elders. At Ohio State University, which has twenty army officers, warrant officers and enlisted men assigned to its faculty by the War Department as instructors for the R. O. T. C. unit, the men students are to have an opportunity of voting on the advisability of continuing compulsory military training. Victor H. Barnes, chairman of the student committee which is arranging the referendum announces in the university newspaper that

> every effort will be made to acquaint the student body with both sides of the proposition, so that the vote cast shall be an intelligent one. It is the intention of the committee that representatives of both sides of the situation shall be given the opportunity to state their views in open campus meetings. As far as possible the vote must be kept free from prejudice.

Princeton students, through the columns of The Daily Princetonian, praise that college's course in military training "which is in no way compulsory" and rejoice in "an opportunity of expressing admiration and giving thanks for the officers of the local R. O. T. C. unit." But they strongly condemn the numerous attacks made on students of City College in New York because of their 6 to 1 vote against enforced military instruction:

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Naturally, a Congressman of militant mien took the referendum as a pacifistic and anti-militaristic gesture, and compromised between consigning the voters to prison or perdition by calling them "pups." It is rather difficult to see why any individual should not be allowed to express a dislike for compulsory military service or an admiration and belief in pacifism without being subject to indignities by political dignitaries.

All copies of the Manual of Military Training, the R. O. T. C. textbook used at City College, characterized as "brutal" in the Armistice Day issue of the campus publication, have been ordered "returned for deletion" to the military science department by Colonel Samuel B. Arnold, professor of military science and tactics at the college. Among the portions of the book which will presumably be stricken out are these:

> The principles of sportsmanship and consideration for your opponent have no place in the practical application of this work. . . .
>
> The object of all military training is to win battles. . . . This inherent desire to fight and kill must be carefully watched for and encouraged by the instructor. . . .
>
> To finish an opponent who hangs on or attempts to pull you to the ground, always try to break his hold by driving the knee or foot to his crotch and gouging his eyes with your thumbs.

The faculty of City College has supported President Mezes by voting in favor of continuing the present system of compulsory military training. At this writing, the Board of Trustees has not taken action. Because their own overwhelming vote against the compulsory feature of the R. O. T. C. program was discounted by college authorities and others on the ground that the students were "immature," the undergraduates are taking a referendum by mail among their parents.

If educational leaders, War Department authorities and American parents will follow the example set them by the younger generation in bringing up this whole question for thorough and honest discussion, it ought to be possible to find a meeting ground for those who believe in opportunity for voluntary military training and those who believe in educational freedom. Compulsion should go; and the eighty-three institutions who impose military training as a condition of going to college should feel the full weight of public criticism until they strip it from their requirements.

APPARENTLY, agriculture can no longer be regarded as a self-supporting industry. If its legislative pills and economic crutches were removed, it would need to apply for admission in the *laissez-faire* home for indigents.

The seat of local infection is presumed to be somewhere in the neighborhood of the marketing system. In some mysterious manner the good old law of supply and demand fails to stabilize agricultural prices. There must be a villain in the economic woodpile. There is. He sows not, neither does he spin but he gets the profit all the same. His name is middleman. The plot is simple enough; all that is needed is a hero or a magic word with which to exorcise this evil spirit. And, the word has come—a fine-sounding, sonorous word with plenty of moral and social implications —*cooperation*. Cooperative commodity marketing associations: this is the modern symbol, the shield under which the farmer goes forth to do battle with economic devils. But how make the symbol work?

Answer: Make it legal. Thus more than thirty of the so-called united states passed cooperative marketing laws which enabled associations to prosecute their disloyal members. But it remained for Australian farmers of Queensland to carry the legalistic formula to its logical limits. In 1922 the legislature passed a law which specifies that, if the majority of producers of a given commodity desire to concentrate the marketing of the product through a cooperative association, the minority shall become members of the organization and help finance and support it. Compulsory cooperation has been carried on under the provisions of this act during the past two years, and apparently with success. Thus far the experiment has been limited to the marketing of eggs, cheese, arrow-root, butter, pigs, maize, peanuts and canary seed. The state government has borne the total cost of the organization during the first two years and will continue to bear one-half the cost for the next two and one-half years. Compulsory cooperation—amazing paradox! Evidently, Australians mean to have a cooperative commonwealth (they also enjoy compulsory voting) whether they like it or not. And they seem to like it.

BETTER farming, better business and better living, and the greatest of these is better living. This is the heritage of the famous Roosevelt Country Life Commission. Economists and business men have insisted that improved methods of production coupled with improved marketing would automatically result in a higher standard of living and a contented agrarian population. The facts of rural migration are contrary. Rural culture tends to decay precisely in those areas where agriculture as a business has been most successful. Those who are fortunate enough to accumulate money through farming or through speculation in farm lands are the first to move to the city where their money can buy cultural, educational and recreational facilities. It is true that a satisfying rural life is impossible without economic surplus but it is equally true that the motives for cultural achievement do not rest upon economic success as cause.

The above point of view has been persistently promoted by the American Country Life Association during the past eight years. Its adherents are called rural idealists. Hard-boiled agricultural experts who see the rural problems in terms of food-producing mechanics do not associate with these dreamers. Consequently, rural idealism has been consistently discounted by our agricultural leaders. Farming is still viewed for the most part as an industry and not as a mode of living. The human factor remains the neglected factor in American agriculture. The recent meeting of the American Country Life Association at Richmond, Virginia, gave promise of a new trend. There were present numerous representatives of cooperative marketing associations who found themselves more frequently in accord with the idealists than with technical and economic experts. They have learned through bitter experiences that new ways of doing business are not external to human personality. These associations began their careers as "pure business," but they are now searching for social wisdom.

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

"JUDGE GARY'S leadership in the iron and steel world is the logical result of a combination of fine qualities unwaveringly applied for twenty-five years to realizing a body of principles and policies always ahead of his day. He has demonstrated in practice the soundness of his code. He has made a lasting contribution to our difficult and often baffling problem of substituting in American business balance for instability—mutual interest for militarism—cooperation for defiance—frankness for secrecy—goodwill for distrust. No man in contemporary affairs has more honestly earned the high title of Industrial Statesman."

Thus does Miss Tarbell conclude her biography of the chairman of the board of the United States Steel Corporation. It is a story that ought to be and is at once fascinating and challenging, for Miss Tarbell has unusual gifts as a writer, and she had access to records corporate and personal to a degree seldom enjoyed. In addition to that, she has as her subject one of the foremost representatives of a remarkable period in our industrial history—a strong and exceedingly able man, to whose qualities, personal and official, Miss Tarbell is not the first to offer tribute.

It is possible, therefore, to understand much of her enthusiasm. Judge Gary has made some very valuable contributions to the spirit and method of modern business. The policy of the United States Steel Corporation with respect to prices, under his directing hand, has been such as to aid materially in stabilizing an industry given over in the past to wild fluctuations. Its attitude toward competitors has been friendly rather than menacing. It has led the way, among corporations, toward a new attitude of frankness concerning business affairs. Its annual reports contain much detail seldom found in such reports.

Nevertheless, it must be said that as a biography the book runs truer to an old-fashioned type than one would expect from Miss Tarbell. In the work of one ordinarily so careful as an historian the reader is hardly prepared for such absence of searching scrutiny and such fullness of indiscriminate approval. And this approval is directed not only to the personal character and private activities of E. H. Gary the man, and not only to the policies mentioned above, but to all the official activities of the chief executive of the greatest industrial corporation in the world.

One need not call in question anything that Miss Tarbell has to say of the personal character of her subject. Neither that nor his commercial leadership requires consideration here. A review in the columns of The Survey must be concerned rather with decisions, policies, things contemplated and things done in the field of industrial relations. For nearly twenty years The Survey has occupied a distinctive position with regard to Steel Corporation labor policies. From a knowledge of conditions based upon repeated and exhaustive research in the field, it has spoken of these matters not once but many times, and its position is well known. The fact that so talented and influential a journalist as Miss Tarbell should express admiration, as she does in this book, for the whole labor program of the Steel Corporation calls for some examination of her premises.

In general, the chapters dealing with this subject bear unmistakable evidence of dependence upon Corporation sources rather than upon field investigations. No one would get any idea from the book that the aspirations of organized labor in connection with the Corporation had ever been anything but mistaken and perhaps malevolent, or that the attitude of the chairman of the Corporation toward labor had ever been other than kindly, tolerant, disinterested, and most incredibly righteous. Miss Tarbell has been the victim throughout of "blind spots" that have prevented her from seeing all that might have been visible.

AN example of this tendency appears in her account of an incident occuring in 1901. At that time, the officers of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, realizing that their strike in certain Corporation mills was going against them, tried to call out the workers in all Corporation plants, regardless of contracts. This Miss Tarbell characterizes as a "bit of dishonesty" that "gave the Corporation a powerful weapon for the future. 'You can't trust the Amalgamated. It signs and repudiates.' "

The writer of this review has always believed that contracts once signed should be kept. But this story, just as it stands, is incomplete. According to the most exhaustive report on the labor policies of the steel industry ever made, it was during this same controversy that the chairman of the United States Steel Corporation stated "that he would be willing to concede two mills as union mills, to sign the scale for the McKeesport mill, and to keep it shut down."* Following this quotoation there is this explanatory comment:

> This policy of signing the scale under pressure for certain mills and then virtually annulling the agreement by shutting down the mill had been frequently practised by other companies prior to the formation of the Corporation and was the source of greatest irritation to the Amalgamated Association.

No more good can come from retelling this than from the telling of the other half of the story. Each represents one side of a double offense. But to tell one side without the other is obviously unfair and misleading.

In a chapter entitled Gary and Labor certain more recent developments are reviewed. This leads to a discussion of

* Minutes of Executive Committee of United States Steel Corporation, June 17, 1901. Quoted in Report on Conditions of Employment in the Iron and Steel Industry, prepared under the direction of Charles P. Neill, Commissioner of Labor of the United States, Vol. III, p. 119, Senate Document No. 110, 62 Congress, 1 Session.

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the Corporation's policy toward the organization movement of 1918, the strike of 1919, the twelve-hour day, and of certain other labor policies of the Steel Corporation. This chapter is a defense throughout of the Steel Corporation labor policy—not the sort of defense that implies explanation of some measure of mistakes, but rather the sort that implies blanket approval and justification.

In speaking of the organization movement of 1918, Miss Tarbell does not say that the unions set out to organize the steel mills; rather, "the particular industry which it chose for attack" was steel. This implies a conspiracy on the part of outsiders to enter in where they do not belong for the purpose of working injury to persons and interests who do belong. It is as incorrect a description as it would be to say that Judge Gary and J. P. Morgan "chose the steel industry for attack" when they planned together in 1900 and 1901 to organize the United States Steel Corporation.

Miss Tarbell apparently accepts the Steel Corporation theory of the "bolshevik" origin of the strike of 1919. She even repeats the silly rumor current in 1919 that the foreign strikers thought they were about to establish some sort of soviet, and that they had "portioned out among their numbers the executive jobs" in the plants where later on they expected to be supreme. Everyone who interested himself in obtaining the facts of the strike has known since 1919 that while individuals here and there might have harbored such curious ideas, there is no evidence to support the contention that any considerable number did so, and nothing could be more absurd than to suggest that any such individual vagary lent color to the strike as a whole. When the strike of 1919 was at its height, the present writer, as a representative of The Survey, made diligent inquiry among Steel Corporation officials and representatives of the sheriff's office in Pittsburgh concerning such rumors as this. Not only was he offered no evidence to substantiate them, but he received everywhere the admission that no such evidence was known.

In an industry where for more than twenty-three years joining the union has meant discharge, Miss Tarbell apparently blames the organizers for working quietly and without announcing their presence. Here we find the only reference the book contains to the spy system of the Steel Corporation. "Under-cover agitators always breed under-cover men in human activities." Thus we are led to suppose that the extensive espionage system of the United States Steel Corporation, which is probably without parallel in the industrial world, is the logical result of the attempt of men to join unions without getting discharged for it! The writer is able to state, on the basis of personal investigation, that the Steel Corporation spy system was in full flower more than ten years before the organization movement of 1918.

Miss Tarbell explains and defends Judge Gary's refusal in 1919 to meet representatives of his employes who had joined the union, and significantly applies to him in this connection the word "politician" instead of the word "statesman" which she uses later on. Judge Gary's own explanation of this course was that if he were to meet the men who claimed to be representatives of his employes he might, by that very act, encourage the union movement. It would be interpreted as meaning that the Corporation had withdrawn its opposition to trade unionism. In presenting this as a reasonable explanation of his conduct, Miss Tarbell forgets that one of his contentions was that the employes did not want to join the union. Judge Gary forgot this too when he was testifying before the Senate Committee that investigated the steel strike. In explaining his refusal to meet Foster and Fitzpatrick, he referred to a newspaper story which had erroneously reported that Corporation officials were in communication with union leaders. The effect of this, he said, was to increase the tendency to join the union. If he were to meet Foster and Fitzpatrick, this tendency would be further encouraged. Does it not seem a trifle odd that while Judge Gary was fighting the battle of the non-union men in his employ who wanted to remain non-union he had to watch his step at every moment to avoid the slightest expression or gesture that might be interpreted as one of approval, lest these same non-unionists, freed for the moment of the thought of Corporation opposition, should flock into the union?

PERHAPS the most extraordinary feature of the discussion of labor in this book is the treatment of the Steel Corporation's attitude toward grievances and toward the twelve-hour day. Judge Gary is quoted as saying that "labor ought to be encouraged to deal collectively," and Miss Tarbell states that he was "obdurate about trade unions, but open-minded about the company union." There is no evidence that the Corporation has done much with "company unions," but it has a "plan," which Judge Gary once called "collective bargaining." Miss Tarbell does not go so far as to call it that, but she describes the plan: If an unskilled worker has a grievance, he can appeal to his "straw boss." From him he may go to the foreman, and after that to higher officials, until finally he may reach Judge Gary himself. "Very few days pass when there do not come to this office (i.e. Steel Corporation headquarters in New York) persons concerned in the labor interests of some particular plant, a social worker, an official, or worker off on vacation." Thus Judge Gary and the office in New York are constantly acquainted with the needs of the workers. "I have gone over many pages of the Corporation's minutes," says Miss Tarbell, "and I cannot recall a single meeting in which some action was not taken showing that one phase or another of labor had been under consideration."

The United States Steel Corporation employs from 200,000 to 250,000 workers. Does anyone suppose that even so wise and good a man as Judge Gary can be constantly in touch with the thought and needs of so many men? Back in 1916 there was an attempt to bring out on strike some 25,000 Corporation employes in the mills of the Carnegie Steel Company. It failed, and Judge Gary wanted to send a message expressing the gratitude of the Corporation to these 25,000 employes. His relations with them may have been very close, as Miss Tarbell says, but the person whom he chose as representative of the roll hands, heaters and furnace men to receive his message of thanks was Judge Reed of Pittsburgh, chairman of the board of the Carnegie Steel Company!

Still Judge Gary has no doubts. So close is his touch with the men, and so certain is he of the rightness of his own intent, that Miss Tarbell can quote him as saying, "If our men were dissatisfied in any respect, we would have heard of it, and if we were wrong, we would have corrected it." Most assuredly. George the third would have been willing to go quite as far. But what is

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Judge Gary to do when he does not know the facts? How can he correct what is wrong when he does not know what is happening? Judge Gary told the Senate Investigating Committee that he did not approve of discharging men for membership in unions. It was a wrong which he intimated he was willing to correct. But at the time this testimony was given, the practice of discharging Steel Corporation employes for membership in unions was nineteen years old, and the wrong had not yet been corrected. Neither Judge Gary nor any other man is big enough or wise enough, however good his intentions, to care for the interests of 250,000 other men without any help from those men. And to give him help, they must be in a position of sufficient power in their own right to appeal over their straw bosses and foremen and superintendents without fear of reprisal.

AS to the twelve-hour day, Miss Tarbell offers an explanation and defense of the former Steel Corporation policy on two grounds; first, that it was an inherited policy; the Corporation did not start it; it was the practice in the mills taken over by the Steel Corporation in 1901. Second, that it came about because the men themselves desired the twelve-hour day. This represents a bit of conventional steel company rationalizing. A little reflection should have convinced Miss Tarbell that the first defense was irrelevant, and the second unfounded.

Miss Tarbell's statement is that the twelve-hour day was "forced on the industry in the 'eighties and 'nineties by workers in opposition to the employers." As a matter of fact the twelve-hour day is as old as the steel industry. It could not have been forced on the industry when it already was the practice. In the sheet and tin mills in the middle 'eighties a change from two shifts to three was desired by the manufacturers and opposed by the men. This interesting incident was probably what led Miss Tarbell to the inaccurate conclusion quoted. The union opposed the introduction of the eight-hour day in the sheet and tin mills in the middle 'eighties not because it favored a twelve-hour day, but because the men worked under what was known as the "heat" system, which enabled them to complete a day's work in ten hours. So many "heats" constituted a day's work. They knew that they could not complete the regulation number of "heats" in eight hours, and they saw nothing to the move for shorter hours but a reduction in wages. So the steel companies established the eight-hour day in the sheet and tin mills over the protest of the union. Considerations of economy underlay this step. The manufacturers wanted the plants running twenty-four hours a day instead of twenty or less.

In the mills turning out heavy steel products such as rails and structural material, the course of events was quite different. Here the union was defeated before there was sufficient force behind the demand for the eight-hour day to enable any union in any field to get very far with such a project. The general eight-hour movement coincided with the decline of unionism in steel. But as long ago as 1885 the workers in the Edgar Thompson plant at Braddock struck for the eight-hour day and won their strike. Their union soon disintegrated, and they lost their advantage, going back to twelve hours in 1888. Three departments at Homestead were working on the three-shift system in 1892, as a result of union agreement. The famous strike of that year destroyed the unions; and the mills, with management free to put its own policies into effect, went back to twelve hours. From 1890 onward there is every indication of a desire on the part of the steel workers for an eight-hour day and equal evidence of a determination on the part of the manufacturers to prevent their getting it.

Miss Tarbell's confusion on this point is also due, it is evident, to the fact that she has mistaken iron mill practice for that of steel mills. She cites the case of the puddlers, who were and probably still are opposed to three shifts. But puddlers are iron workers, for whom five heats is a day's work, and who vary from eight to ten hours on a shift. The steel industry is entirely distinct both in method and in labor policy.

The other point—that the twelve-hour day was an inherited policy—is equally wide of the mark. Suppose the Corporation in 1901 had inherited a chain of "pluck me" stores, once common in industry. Could it evade responsibility for their continuance twenty years after the formation of the Corporation by any such plea? It did inherit a policy of reckless disregard for human life, but that did not deter it from inaugurating new practices that made it a leader in the safety movement. It is true that the Steel Corporation inherited the twelve-hour day. But it not only did nothing about it, it resisted all efforts to abolish it until forced to act by general condemnation of the policy.

It is sufficient here to call attention to the irrelevancy of the argument that the twelve-hour day was an inherited incubus. The intimation given by Miss Tarbell that Judge Gary led and finally won the fight for eight hours is one that the reviewer prefers to allow to stand without comment. The curious are referred to the files of The Survey, to recorded official acts of the Corporation, and to internal evidence provided by Miss Tarbell herself.

This book has a sub-title, The Story of Steel, but it is as a biography of Judge Gary and as a record of his relation to the United States Steel Corporation that it has a claim to consideration. It gives the reader a view of certain phases of Steel Corporation history that is available nowhere else. It reveals points of view and motives that are important to anyone desiring to understand the industrial development of the country since the opening of the twentieth century. It is unfortunate that with respect to the most controversial subject of all, Miss Tarbell did not check up her Corporation sources by making an independent survey.

JOHN A. FITCH

THE LIFE OF JUDGE GARY, *by Ida M. Tarbell. Appleton. 355 pp. Price $3.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

He Showed Them Roads

PENNSYLVANIA, of all the Colonies, gave us in Franklin the ripest personality of the Revolution. There was a russet-like quality to the juice of the man. And in the field of economics, it has been the university that also bears Penn's name which has given us a figure fashioned, like one of Doré's drawings, with a ruggedness and native strength which is inimitable. Professor Patten of Pennsylvania, like Dean Sumner of Yale, and President Jordan of Stanford, will be a living tradition when many a contemporary will be known merely as a name for a book, or at most for a theory. A fresh bit of evidence is the fact that Scott Nearing, one of his students, has made him the theme of his recent book Educational Frontiers. The first third is the story of Simon Nelson Patten, of

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the "mighty personality who dreamed and labored among us from 1852 to 1922"; the rest of the book is a challenge to education, an indictment of the business control of college and school, an arraignment of the "meal check" teacher, a drive at the machinery of school systems, a championship of freedom of the spirit and of the mind. The book is no smashing blow like Upton Sinclair's Goose Step; it lacks his wholesale conscription of evidence; but neither does it so inveterately, shall I say, apply a selective service to truth. It is therefore less devastating and more inconsistent; less of an exposure but more revealing. You feel that under it all Nearing is a teacher himself, who loves his calling; to whom, in truth, the school is a trysting place of the spirit; and so, while he slips some two hundred pages of doctrine under the wreath he lays on Dr. Patten's grave, it is none the less a wreath of evergreens. You get the university man's fresh impact on a boy who had been brought up "to think little, narrow provincial thoughts . . . to enter the realm of the mind only in company with an intellectual wet-nurse"; a boy who had been "sheltered, protected, restrained, denied the opportunity for mental activity." "We were mere discs on which the language of our generation was cut." And then in his early college days he comes under the teaching of Patten—a man who "welcomed the question as a thirsty traveler welcomes water. . . ." At examination time instead of asking his students to tell what they knew, he framed his questions in such a way as to discover what they thought. . . ." "Once a student had seen his forehead wrinkle, his eyes shine and his long sinewy fingers pointed in the enthusiasm of exposition, he recognized Patten as a master." "There was a tradition among Patten's students—'When you go into Uncle Si's you must sleep or think.'"

STROKE after stroke the student paints the picture of his master. He traverses the years in which Patten was fighting the "Arts crowd," and helping to stake out at Wharton School a new province of education—directing men into transportation, money and banking, corporation finance, real estate, insurance, political science, business law and social work. The business groups which had failed to sense the importance of this pioneering on the borderland of trade and education, were quick to recoil when graduates went out not only with a new business equipment, but with an allegiance to the public, and bore a hand in the efforts of the municipality to control public service corporations. On such occasions Patten worked out the following formula: "No resignations. If they come after us let them drag us out one at a time with hooks." And here's a passage which Simeon Strunsky seized upon to quote from in the New York Times, and is worth reprinting in full. It is the nib of man and book.

"Wait, wait!" he used to insist. "What we need above anything else in Philadelphia is a number of first-class funerals, and in time they will come."

He was fond of quoting the deacons in his home town in Illinois, who had the church sewed up in their pockets. "One thing troubled them," said Patten. "They realized that sooner or later they must die, and they knew that when that time came the church that they controlled so completely would sweep clean away from its old moorings. That thought hurt them more than anything else." It was that same thought that helped Patten more than anything else. He was forever looking ahead rejoicing in the changes that he saw coming.

Patten never tired of quoting the remark of Nicholas Murray Butler, when, as a young insurgent at Columbia, he ran foul of the established order there. "Go out in the park, Nicholas," Butler said to himself. "Get plenty of sunshine and fresh air. Keep your health. They'll die." Patten ended the story with the words: "And they did."

It is typical of Nearing's restraint in this book that he does not engage in depressing reflections on this resilient survival of the fit, and the consequent plight of a new generation of young insurgants who take to the parks. In another chapter, however, he tells what befell students and instructors who played Follow my Leader with the head of the Carnegie Peace Foundation in the fair weather days before the war; but who failed to about-face with him in storm. But to go on with this quotation:

Tolstoi and Karl Marx never believed more devoutly in a new social order than did Dr. Patten, and with this belief he combined the patience of the East—a kind of supreme faith in the ultimate working out of things that might be called chronic optimism. It was difficult for us young hot-heads to get this point of view. We wanted action but we never succeeded in stirring him up very much even under the most trying circumstances. He usually went quietly into a corner, sat down, stroked his chin reflectively in a deliberate, quaint way he had, waited, and usually won.

In the end, Patten was "dragged out with hooks." His was not the mind to be warped into the conformities of the war period. Just before the declaration of war, Dr. Jordan was scheduled to speak in the South Broad Street Theater in an eleventh hour effort to prevent our entrance into the war; Dr. Patten consented to serve as chairman; the meeting was forbidden by the police and was never held. The action of the university trustees was summary although cast in the form of retirement for age. It is one of the ugly blots on American university life.

HIS insurgency did not flag. In June, 1920, he challenged social workers to introspection in his last formal article in The Survey. How true is it at the end of five years?—

"The war has come and gone. The social worker went to Europe and returned. Has the war altered him, or is he settling back to views and slants that engaged his attention in pre-war days? . . . If there is anyone who has learned something from the war, or who has acquired a new perspective, I have not met him, nor has his voice been heard. Look over the old files of The Survey and see if a single principle, or a new method of approaching social work is recorded that was not as well stated then as now. Crude views of distribution, sloppy politics, thread-worn biology, and milk-bottle sociology have not lost their vogue, nor have they ceased to console the faithful who delight in words that do not become deeds."

There is much in this early part of Nearing's volume which is so simply and vividly put that you wish he might have written the book of Patten's life—carrying us back to the days of the "milk-house philosopher," as he was called years before in Iowa, and giving the internal history of the man as well as his campus story. But perhaps that is too much to ask; perhaps they were at once too close and too different—the tenacious teacher holding on to the coign of vantage from which he was getting young men to see and think for themselves; and his impetuous student who went out to meet conflict—as teacher, socialist, pacifist, evangelist—and found it. Some day someone may write the whole dramatic story of this master and his pupils. For his part, Scott Nearing has written fairly: "Dr. Patten pointed out a road to me. I did not follow it, but he made me believe that there were roads, and I feel that he was

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as well satisfied—better satisfied, perhaps, to have me find my own road than he would have been had I taken the one that he pointed out." Which is pretty close to education.

PAUL U. KELLOGG

EDUCATIONAL FRONTIERS: *A Book About Simon Nelson Patten and Other Teachers, by Scott Nearing. Thomas Seltzer. 250 pp. Price $1.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

War and the Stage

HOW little Bernard Shaw knew of war when he wrote Arms and the Man! how much we all know, now. That is the lesson of lost innocence to be learned at the Theater Guild's gay and colorful revival of the comedy, the first in its Shaw cycle. Concerning real modern war, our socialist iconoclast proved a mere amateur—like the generals. But now the whole generation is the most learned in war wisdom of all time. So I expected, from memories of the text read long ago, a terrific counterblast against the war god; what I found was a counterblast against the brass hats. The warrior is made to look foolish, not the war. This brilliant and smartly acted satire on war is framed to persuade us that war is too important and intellectual to be entrusted to nimcompoops. Bluntschli, the hero, is never critical of war—he just wants scientific management. Well, by 1918 we knew what scientific management could do!

Shaw lambastes red tape, hero-worship, and the military poseur. And by his old simple formula—the application of common-sense to the business of war. It was a new formula then, and hit harder than today when any journeyman writer can imitate the Shavian method by applying common-sense to the business genius, or advertising, or literary charlatans. Of course Shaw found war-making full of bunk even if you admit its major premise so his formula produced a delectable burlesque satire, full of ripping theater. It remains good theater still, but its war matter is so romantically silly that we can't take it seriously even for Mr. Shaw; and the Guild production threatens to be a popular success simply because it is such a good-humored and diverting comedy. It is full of chuckles but scant of wrath. I kept thinking of Twelfth Night and Pinafore. W. S. Gilbert dared almost as greatly, nay, even more, when you consider John Bull's ideals in the days when Pinafore appeared. You understand perfectly how Arms and the Man was metamorphosed into that gay and tuneful operetta The Chocolate Soldier. It was a born comic opera.

It is painful to see Shaw naive, yet here he is naive. He didn't grasp war; he didn't even grasp Bulgaria. It was an outlandish place of queer customs and costumes to put a play in, a modern sea-coast of Bohemia, with an odd name that would wring a laugh from the groundlings as Yonkers or Kalamazoo does in vaudeville. The Balkans as the seed-bed of racial pestilence he apparently did not apprehend. Even our bitterest in those days lived in his age of innocence.

This surely sounds patronizing, and it is not yet time to patronize though in a new book on Shaw (there is always a new book on Shaw), J. S. Collis, a fellow Irishman, declares we are already in danger of making Shaw a respectable classic, and begin to forget how his genius was a living force to change the mind of his age. Mr. Collis has written a good book—a kind of Common Sense of Bernard Shaw, and he declares, what I agree with, that Shaw has not mellowed with age. "He has become not less but more revolutionary . . . a perfect example of his own saying—'The most distinguished persons become more revolutionary as they grow older though they are commonly supposed to become more conservative owing to their loss of faith in conventional methods of reform. . . .' His beard was once red-hot with anger; it is now white-hot with rage." But in this play is neither anger nor rage, but if any virulent feeling, just plain contempt and the joy of poking fun at the sacrosanct.

A family group in the Balkans; from the Theatre Guild production of Shaw's Arms and the Man

But The Enemy by Channing Pollock at the Times Square Theater is the best propaganda against war we have ever seen on the stage. But, you know, we don't think it will get the Pulitzer prize. It is too bitter, too honest, too purgative in the Greek sense. We doubt whether it will prove the vast success The Fool did—that queer mixture of sociology and sentimental hokum on Capital versus Labor by Mr. Pollock. He writes in the idiom of Broadway, and scoops giant netfuls of everyday people off that over-lit street to listen to his plays. He makes them think, even sob, but does he convince them? For fighting is an old instinct, nor Shaw's satire nor Pollock's armory of stagecraft and theatric device to seize the popular mind suffice to plant in that mind the new faith that mother love and friendship and national welfare and peace are as necessary and thrilling as war.

This is not a high-brow play—if Channing Pollock has any function it is to take vital social themes and translate them into the vernacular—to use the words and ideas and emotions of the people. Nor is it low-brow: it is not cheap, melodramatic, or commercial-minded. It is in brief the high-brow argument against war translated into man-in-the-street terms, as drama and symbolism. It cuts deeper than other anti-war plays; it is sincere and elemental and generally dignified. It is a better sermon, and better drama, than Shaw gives in Arms and the Man, or the Stallings-Anderson pair did in What Price Glory. Shaw, as we saw, says that warriors are fools; What Price Glory intimated that life in the trenches was hell; The Enemy shows that war ruins homes and breaks hearts and crucifies life. In the other two there are elements (*Continued on page* 457)

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MY APPRENTICESHIP

(*Continued from page* 408)

personal riches or on personal charm; there was no fastidiousness about manners or morals or intellectual gifts. But deep down in the unconscious herd instinct of the British governing class there *was* a test of fitness for membership of this most gigantic of all social clubs, but a test which was seldom recognized by those who applied it, still less by those to whom it was applied, *the possession of some form of power over other people.* Any family of outstanding riches, assuming that the members were not actually mentally deficient or legally disreputable, could rise to the top, marry its daughters to cabinet ministers and noblemen, and become in time ennobled itself. A great industrial administrator not himself endowed with much capital, so long as he could provide remunerative posts for younger sons or free passes on trans-continental railways, could, if he chose, associate on terms of flattering personal intimacy with those members of the British aristocracy, and there were many of them, who desired these favors. And it must be admitted that there was no narrow view as to the type of power to be honored with the personal intercourse of great personages. Thirty years before the Labour Party became His Majesty's Government there was a distinct desire on the part of a select politico-social set, to welcome the leaders of the newly enfrachised trade union democracy. And if the tiny group of Labour leaders had not been singularly refined and retiring, and, be it added, puritanical men, they also would have been caught up in the meshes of society to be immediately dropped when they ceased to represent their thousands of members.

This sub-conscious pursuit of power was manifested in a more equivocal form. The conventional requirements with regard to personal morality, sexual or financial, were graded with almost meticulous exactitude to the degree of social, political or industrial power exercised by the person concerned. A duchess, especially if she came from a princely family, might exchange her insignificant duke for a powerful marquis as a habitual companion without causing the slightest dent in her social acceptability. But if Mrs. Smith indulged in similar domestic waywardness the penalty was complete social ostracism. The same graded requirements were applied to financial misdemeanor.

There seemed in fact to be a sort of invisible stock exchange in constant communication with the leading hostesses in London and in the country, the stock being social reputations and the reason for appreciation or depreciation being worldly success or failure however obtained. Some stocks were gilt-edged, royal personages or persons who were at once outstandingly wealthy and genuinely aristocratic, their value could neither be "bulled" nor "beared" by current rumors; but the social value of the ruck of individuals who trooped to the political receptions or foregathered in the houses of the less well-known hostesses, went up and down as rapidly and unexpectedly as do the shares of the less well-known and more hazardous "industrials" in the money market. It was this continuous uncertainty as to social status that led to all the ugly methods of entertaining practised by the crowd who wanted "to get into society"; the variety or "menagerie" element in many entertainments so often caricatured by *Punch;* the competition in conspicuous expenditure on clothes, food, wine and flowers. There may be saints who can live untainted in such an environment, exactly as we know that there are men and women who retain their moral refinement in a one-room tenement inhabited by persons of both sexes and all ages. But the true born saint, whether rich or poor, is an uncommon variety of the human species.

Such was the attitude of man towards man in the social environment in which I was reared. The dominant impulse was neither the greed of riches nor the enjoyment of luxurious living, though both these motives were present, but the desire for power. The attitude of man towards the universe, that is to say, the metaphysical atmosphere—is more difficult to describe, partly, I deem, because the period was one of rapid transition from one metaphysic to another. For, looking back, it now seems to me that it was exactly in those last decades of the nineteenth century that we find the watershed between the metaphysic of the Christian Church, which had hitherto dominated British civilization, and the agnosticism, deeply colored by scientific materialism, which was destined, during the first decades of the twentieth century, to submerge all religion based on tradition and revelation. Judging by my own experience among the organizers of big enterprise with their "business morality" and their international affiliations, the Christian tradition already, in the seventies and eighties, had grown thin and brittle, more easily broken than repaired. When staying in the country my parents were, it is true, regular churchgoers and communicants; and my father always enjoyed reading the lessons in the parish churches frequented by the household in Gloucestershire, Westmoreland and Monmouthshire. But Herbert Spencer, who was far and away the most intimate of the family friends, was always arguing with my mother on the origin of religion, deriding and denouncing ecclesiasticism and all its works; and I think it was he who brought into our circle of acquaintances Francis Galton and Sir Joseph Hooker, Huxley and Tyndall, whilst to Spencer's annual picnic came George Henry Lewes and occasionally George Eliot.

WE lived, indeed, in a state of ferment, receiving and questioning all contemporary hypotheses as to the duty and destiny of man in this world and the next. Into this all-questioning state of mind were thrust the two most characteristic of current assumptions: first, that physical science could solve all problems, and secondly, that every one, aided by a few elementary text-books, could be his own philosopher and scientist, just as a previous generation had imagined that if only the law were codified into a clearly printed little handbook, every man could be his own lawyer. Living a life of leisure on this battlefield of mixed metaphysic and conflicting ethic, it is not surprising that the first fifteen years of my thinking life were spent, not in learning a craft, but in seeking a creed by the light of which I could live the life I had to lead.

In the next paper Mrs. Webb will tell of her search for a creed; and the instalment will include passages from her diary dealing with Herbert Spencer, Joseph Chamberlain, John Morley and others, who figured in the scientific and political ferment of the Eighties and Nineties. A third paper will tell of the world of philanthropy, bringing in such leaders as Canon Barnett, founder of Toynbee Hall, and Charles Booth, who carried out the monumental inquiry into the life and labor of the people of London—the first of the surveys.

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THAT CLINICAL YEAR

(*Continued from page* 433)

in life which produce the sick of body and mind, they might carry into their ministry more sympathy with those movements to change the wrongs in our present order, than many of our ministers possess. The minister should be taught to be a satisfactory spiritual and mental doctor for the sick. He also should be a prophet for the well, to call them into paths that shall make for health of body and mind for society.

It surely is a value to render spiritual ministry to a man who is dying of consumption. But the minister ought to know why he has consumption, what the environmental situation of bad living and over-crowding was that produced his disease; what the economic condition was that produced such environment and what can be done to change both the economic situation and the environment. A clinical year in the field of the remedial is way in advance of what the theological students have had thus far, but a clinical year in both the field of the remedial and of the prophylactic should serve to make our ministers increasingly better shepherds of the sheep.

A. RAY PETTY

YOU do well to call Dr. Cabot's "an interesting article." I agree with him most heartily. My own experience when my main work was visiting institutions for the insane and the defectives, prisons, reformatories, jails, asylums for the poor, orphanages, and conferring with overseers of the poor and workers in all kinds of charities, gave me first hand knowledge of things and conditions which needed such information and comprehension as would come to the students on Dr. Cabot's plan. The benefits would be manifold. "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." They would let in the light.

They would find little evidence of actual, purposive cruelty. I rarely found such an instance. Much unnecessary suffering I found. Much that had the effect of cruelty. But the greatest causes of human suffering are not cruelty but ignorance and cowardice. But the mere fact that educated, intelligent men and women, from the outside, with the fresh eye, undimmed by usage, were regularly visiting the wards and knowing the inmates, would have an effect of much import.

I speak not only as an inspector but as one of the inspected. When I was superintendent of a school for the feeble-minded, I hailed with joy the visits of intelligent people, and I secured from the Catholic bishop the appointment of a young priest from the Cathedral who came regularly to visit all my children of Catholic families.

Still the greatest benefit would be to the students. I once remonstrated with Oscar McCulloch for burdening himself with more work for the weaker of humanity than I thought, in justice to himself, he should undertake. He replied, "Why, my dear fellow, that is what I feed my spirit on."

And there are others for whom such experience would bring benefit to themselves and their country. William James proposed a "moral equivalent for war"; that, in lieu of a term of military service, every man should serve in one of the hard and unpleasant tasks which some one must do for the community. Why should not a year's service as attendant in a hospital for insane, or as prison guard, be required of those not muscular enough for digging ditches or collecting garbage?

ALEXANDER JOHNSON

DR. CABOT'S plea for a "clinical year" has one great advantage over the mass of suggestions that are made for the course for theological students. It fits easily into the curriculum of the theological seminary as now organized. He does not suggest any subject in addition to what is now being

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taught. His suggestion is only for a better method. Pastoral theology is an important course in every theological seminary, and in the past too often has been theoretical rather than practical. His plan brings this course completely into line with the modern methods of teaching. In fairness to the seminaries however it ought to be said that Dr. Cabot's comparison of the seminarian with the interne does not quite express the situation. The seminarian can be compared rather with the student in the medical school. The diaconate in the Episcopal Church parallels the period of the medical interne.

My only suggestion is that this "clinical course" be extended to a wider field, to cover case work as it is practised. The clergy need to know at least enough about case work to appreciate it and in their parish work to coordinate their own parish problems of misfits with the community machinery. A further knowledge of the technique of the case worker would be of great value in their own pastoral work in dealing with individual souls, but knowledge enough to know what it is is imperative.

The "clinical year" ought to be easy to plan because most of the religious bodies have hospitals for which they are responsible, and it ought to be easily possible to work out some satisfactory scheme for this clinical work in the hospital.

There are two other suggestions in Dr. Cabot's article which I cannot refrain from noticing: first, he speaks of the usefulness of the pastor in the hospital for the insane. Up to the present there has been a terrible failure to bring religion into the institutions for the insane. Clergy who have been called on for this kind of work have appealed to me more than once for some book that would be a guide in religious ministrations. I have been unable to find any, and as far as I know, none exists. Yet I know that physicians, specialists in this field, have concluded, for instance, that only certain kinds of sermons are helpful to the insane, and that most sermons are positively harmful. Yet there is no printed guide for the novice in this work. Will not Dr. Cabot help us that we may have one?

Finally, I cannot refrain from expressing my relief that at last someone has recognized, in making suggestions for the theological seminary, that the study of his religion has still a definite place in the curriculum for the parson, and that systematic theology is the "king of all studies." Most suggestions for the seminary curriculum seem to have behind them the idea that the seminarian is preparing to be a social ameliorator and not the man of God.

CHARLES N. LATHROP

MY work for the past 18 years has been to superintend the activities of a large municipal general hospital. The physical ailments of practically all our patients are complicated or accentuated by business cares and worries, or by religious needs.

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In the Buffalo City Hospital we consider the religious needs of each patient to be so imperative that we have on the payroll two part time chaplains, one a Protestant and the other a Catholic. These men are required to make at least one visit to each patient. With a daily census of seven hundred and upwards, we are obliged to call upon outside clergymen.

Dr. Cabot put it well when he said that the Christian minister, engaged in hospital practice, should preach nothing but "Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Sickness usually provides plenty of time in which to take a religious inventory. The wards of a public hospital, however, are not conducive to the free exchange of intimate thoughts. The young clergy-

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man who lacks clinical training, therefore, is very apt merely to scrape the surface only during routine hospital visits.

A large proportion of the patients in a public general hospital are unattractive and suspicious. It is very easy for the personnel of a hospital to stimulate the latter characteristic. Doctors and nurses, like the rest of the world, are prone to assume the undemocratic attitude that rich people have a constitutional right to snobbery and that poor folks are in duty bound to practise humility. They sometimes forget that all men are born free and equal in the matter of vices and virtues. Plenty of poor people are snobs and a considerable proportion of rich folks wear the cloak of humility. Hospital employes overlook these truths and usually restrain their resentment with difficulty when a patient making an unreasonable demand happens to be a public charge.

Also, many unthinking persons employed by institutions hesitate to offer complete service for fear that it might be confounded with servility. Again, some employes are quick to accept the unreasonable demands of patients as personal affronts.

Daily contact makes it easy for us to forget that a body diseased often means a mind disordered. Even well people find the pangs of homesickness unendurable. During the World War, absence from home and friends, coupled with ever present danger and possible death, disabled thousands of well individuals who represented the flower of American manhood. These, for want of a better term, came to be labeled "shell shock" cases.

The situation confronting sick persons who enter a hospital for the first time is exactly parallel. Many are on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Some are actually in danger and know that death is within the range of probability. Pain and distress are usually accompanying features. Surely such patients find small comfort in the coldness and indifference often encountered in places which claim to be organized for the purpose of promoting health and consequently happiness. Hospital attendants are seldom positively cruel. More often they exhibit this tendency in a negative sense, expressed by inattention and incivility.

In short, the average patient is on the defensive when he enters a public hospital. His suspicions are many times confirmed by his experience in the institution. He gets plenty of so-called medical attention but this may be completely overshadowed by the various grouches which he accumulates from day to day. Add to all this the natural craving of an individual to commune with his Creator in times of dire need and we find before us a problem which requires more than skill of doctor, nurse or social service worker for its solution.

Dr. Cabot is unquestionably right when he says that the average hospital patient can take with advantage liberal doses of unadulterated and unimproved Gospel, administered by clergymen specially trained for the job.

The Cabots, as usual, are blazing the trail. More power to them.

WALTER S. GOODALE, M.D.

THIS is a strong and absolutely convincing plea of Dr. Cabot's, that men preparing for the ministry shall have at least one clinical year. He urges that the same preparation demanded of medical students shall also apply to the pulpit, because overcoming the wounds of the soul requires no different treatment than healing the wounds of the body. With this fine appeal, we are in hearty agreement.

If it be stated that Dr. Cabot has expressed no new thought because several theological schools have occasional lectures on sociology and bring philanthropic workers to meet the students, this is but scratching the surface. There is a world of difference between listening to practical workers who help families in distress, and actual contact with life's failures.

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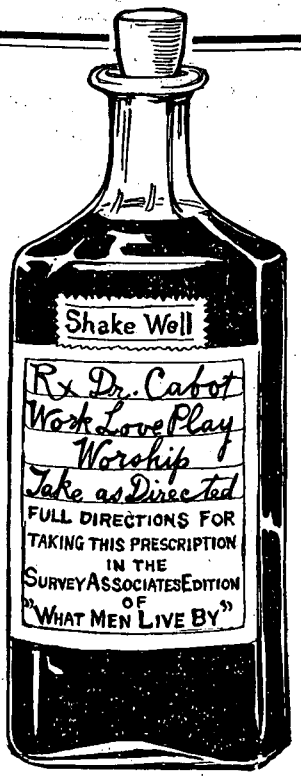

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our religious world. Were our ministers properly prepared to understand life at various contacts, they would be visited by all classes of people seeking help and direction. The banker in his office, sorely tempted to forget ethical standards in his zeal for wealth; the laboring man, ready to strike, and the millionaire preparing his income tax, all need religious guidance if our country is to develop the highest citizenship.

Dr. Cabot has explained why the ministry of America is so weak. Too many of us are still discussing the Canaanites, the Hivites, the Jebusites and Amorites, all dead hundreds of years, and referring too little to New Yorkites, Chicagoites and Oaklandites, who are very much in need of religious instruction. For this proper training in understanding human nature, Dr. Cabot would have us not only pay calls on the rich and comfortable, but also visit those at the other end of life's trail. He stresses visiting the almshouse and the insane asylum. I would most emphatically add thereto, the jail. Let the student for the ministry visit the city prison and learn at first hand of the petty but painful strife between neighbors, and the dispossess notices served on the very poor. Let him enter the county jail, a relic of the Middle Ages, which has no excuse in a civilized community, and see with what unwisdom justice is meted out by judges who may be learned in the law, but know very little of modern economic tendencies. If he visits state prison, he will see how little is done to improve the souls of the inmates; also, learn that at least 25 per cent are there because they were improperly defended at the trial.

The student for the ministry who is carefully schooled to study the misfits of Society, will hardly preach a silly optimism to his charge, but will insist that all is not well in the world. He will understand that democracy is only possible with an educated electorate. These implications and many more are found in the splendid article of Dr. Cabot which brings needed lesson to men who are responsible for the training of our future ministers.

RUDOLPH I. COFFEE

I AM heartily in favor of Dr. Cabot's idea that Theological Courses should include practical ministerial experience—a "clinical year."

But, in my opinion, such experience cannot be acquired through work among the highly specialized groups in institutions. Dr. Cabot would never, I am sure, place a young doctor who expected to be a general practitioner in, say, a cancer hospital for preparatory training. Ministers are general practitioners. They are not going to parishes where their entire flock is insane, or criminal, or diseased, or "on the town." They are to serve all sorts and conditions of humanity, encounter every kind of need.

Rather, then, let the theological student have his clinical year as assistant to some experienced minister who is physically unable to visit all his sick, comfort all his bereaved, welcome all his strangers, look after all the young in his flock. The towns are full of such over-worked, harassed pastors, who would welcome the aid of a sincere young helper; while the student under the wise spiritual guidance of such a pastor-teacher, would gain in a few months what otherwise might take years of effort and much stumbling to acquire.

A word as to ministerial labors by these young men among inmates of institutions. After some thirty years in institutional work, I am convinced that inexperienced students are not and cannot be helpful. They have not the scientific knowledge that is needed to reach the types they seek to serve. Our "cases" are beyond them.

Surely, Dr. Cabot would not think of allowing medical students to undertake the treatment of insidiously difficult ailments.

Religion the unfortunate inmates of institutions must have. They need the love of God in their hearts, faith, and trust, and the desire to do their Father's will. But these things they

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best can get through the word fitly spoken either by ministers experienced in the ways of human hearts, or by the prayerful efforts of those to whom their care has been entrusted.

JOHN KLEIN

ONE of the elective courses in the Department of Social Studies at the Hebrew Union College consists of class room discussion touching the social work which the class members are required to do on the outside. Hospital and asylum visitation of the kind treated in Dr. Cabot's article has been chosen by a number of the students in this class with results so satisfactory as to have elicited the favorable comments of the institutional heads as well as of the patients visited. The presence of the teacher as demonstrator has, for various reasons, not been one of the features of the Hebrew Union College program; yet now that Dr. Cabot has made the suggestion, this feature may be introduced as soon as local conditions permit.

To the advantages which Dr. Cabot enumerates should be added that of the reciprocal effect upon the religious life of the student himself. Here is where the analogy between religion and medicine gives way to a contrast. The patient is the only person that the medical worker can hope to benefit. The worker's own physical improvement can result, if at all, only in a remote, indirect and highly problematic way. With religion the opposite holds. In religion, to impart is also to receive. It is like teaching with its *docendo discimus*. Students performing social work not rarely confess that their social work contacts imbue them with that sense of reverence, resolve and idealism which formal religious services aim to awaken but which they so commonly fail to awaken. Few things purge the mind of egotism and illusion like the sight of misfortune. Not only "in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps" but in every place where hard realities are encountered is God to be found.

Dr. Cabot's proposal may thus be laden with revolutionary import. Hospital ministrations may and actually do generate new religious modes and methods which may conceivably supercede the numerous admittedly ineffectual modes of today. The comparative novelty of such work (especially so far as we Jewish people are concerned) liberates it from the cramping hand of tradition. In the public ward the old religious conventions and prescriptions are suspended long enough to allow scope for fresh venture and experiment. The New Testament claim that the religious revolution which it advocates began in spiritual ministrations to the sick and the demented, conducted outside the grooves of the established religious order, is significant in this connection.

As long ago as 1910, the Unitarian Commission on the Church and Social Questions made a recommendation closely allied to that of Dr. Cabot's "clinical year."

Two difficulties attaching to Dr. Cabot's plan require mention. One is that inherent in all religious training: namely, the need of doing justice to contradictory points of view. Religion *serves* men; training *uses* men. The antithesis is not easily disposed of. The mental attitude which ministers to people is not the same as that which practises on people. Drilling the preacher is one thing; helping the listener is something else: similarly with institutional visiting. Theological students are constantly oscillating between the two standpoints. Treating men as "ends in themselves" which is the essence of religion does not readily harmonize with handling them as pedagogical instruments.

The second difficulty lies in the huge dearth of knowledge on the entire subject of mental processes. Numerous and extensive though the disagreements and uncertainties in the field of practical medicine, these are of little moment by comparison with the guesswork which prevails in the field of applied psychology. Understanding the mental mechanisms—

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repressions, complexes, sublimations, conflicts and all the rest—is surely a prime requisite of effective religious functioning. Research and instruction along these lines belongs as properly to the training of religious workers as do the conventional inquiries into the origin and history of the important religious books, beliefs and usages. Until the religious worker knows as much about the mind as the medical worker does about the body, there will be scant promise of improving upon the rule-of-thumb methods which undoubtedly have much to do with the failure of religion to wield the influence which it deserves.

ABRAHAM CRONBACH

WITH the general idea advanced by Dr. Cabot I am in hearty accord, chiefly because it implies that the starting point in preparation for the ministry should be a knowledge of actual people and their needs. This we habitually forget. The teacher conceives of himself as teaching a subject rather than a student. The preacher starts with his "gospel," his set of ideas, and then his problem is how to get people to accept or seem to accept them; where he should start is with people, evolving his ideas out of their needs, not seeking artificially to bend their personalities to his ideas. If those preparing for the ministry once thoroughly got the idea of getting to know your world of men first, we should have no more of theology and religion lagging one or more centuries behind the times. In other words, we should have an experimental and authoritative but not an authoritarian religion.

The practical application of Dr. Cabot's idea is bound, as I see it, to be difficult at the outset. How many theological professors are able to set an example to their students in this work, as medical men do to their students? At worst a good many theological professors are fossils; at best they are research men, with little skill in dealing with individual souls. Perhaps a plan could be worked out to have theological students accompany skillful working pastors on their calls to hospitals, etc.

To what extent will patients feel uncomfortable if the pastor on his calls is thus accompanied by another? In the case of the physician there is no trouble because he is supposed to be primarily interested in the physical condition of the patient, and it is natural to have some one along who takes temperatures perhaps, hands over sterilized instruments, and the like. But a pastoral call partakes essentially of the character of a confessional, under whatever guise. It seems to me that in a very considerable number of cases it would be out of the question to have a third person along.

Two specific suggestions seem to me of great importance. In the first place, partly before and partly during this clinical year theological students should take a thorough course in modern psychology, including psycho-analysis. This is more important than courses in church history, Biblical theology, exegesis, etc., etc. It is absurd that any one in these days who is to deal with the "souls" of human beings should not have this grounding in psychology. I was once what is known as a "good pastor," but I grieve both at the inadequacy of the service I rendered to many parishoners and at the heartaches I myself endured in the process, because I learned all about the history of dogma in the seminary but didn't have a suspicion of what modern psychology was until after I had left the active ministry.

In the second place, in the list of subjects that Dr. Cabot and Dr. Worcester discussed with the theological students at Cambridge there is no mention of the effects of modern industrialism on people (factory labor, etc.) nor of the existence of a labor "problem" which in the anthracite fields today, or in West Virginia, or in Lawrence, Mass., certainly has a tremendous influence upon (*Continued on page* 454)

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THAT CLINICAL YEAR: A SYMPOSIUM

(*Continued from page* 452)

the lives of those with whom the clergy have to deal. Unless indeed they are to cease having any considerable influence in industrial communities, which appears to be the tendency in so far as American Protestantism is concerned, ministers should have an intelligent general view of modern industry and of the significance, aims and problems of the labor movement.

A. J. MUSTE

ONE suggestion of a clinical year for theological students warrants serious consideration. It is in line with the clinical year, if it may be so called, given at Antioch College and Cincinnati University for students in various lines. The question is whether or not students in theology could profit by the practical application of their studies under guidance during or immediately following their course.

To visualize how it could be carried on for theological students is much more difficult than for medical, mechanical or engineering students. Dr. Cabot and Dr. Worcester, in their course of lectures given to the students of the Episcopal Theological School, covered phases of thought and work somewhat wider than would be encountered in instituitons for the sick and aged. Dr. Cabot's suggestion for a clinical year, however, is confined to work in such institutions. Were most of the problems which a minister is called upon to help solve represented in hospitals and almshouses, a clinical year for theological students could be carried on without material difficulty. A good portion of human ills and sorrows, however, never reach such institutions, and a minister is called upon to deal with them in the field—such difficulties as are met in night courts, probation work, charity case work, placing out of children, and so forth. Clinics dealing with these human difficulties would be hard to establish and carry on, and yet these problems are among the most important encountered in the daily work of a minister.

It is quite possible that what theological students would benefit most by is to learn how to approach a problem, just as the medical student benefits most by learning the technique of diagnosis. The medical student in his brief term as interne may not encounter some diseases or obscure phases of common diseases; nevertheless, he learns the technique of diagnosis and can apply the procedure to all new disease problems which he meets later. If it were so difficult as to make it impracticable to have field clinics for theological students, instituitonal clinics might nevertheless help to establish a procedure which would be of value to the minister in his daily field work.

The experiment is worth trying, but I should think preferably not as a year, but, rather, running through the theological course. The medical student gets knowledge in the school which it is not safe for him to apply except under guidance, and in the main this guidance can come only after he has finished his course. The theological student is given little concrete knowledge of the sins and sorrows of the individual. He is taught about sin as a moral disease, but not its diagnosis in the person. He must work out for himself its application. Thus, there is no occasion for a theological student to wait until his course is finished before entering the clinical year. He might without possible injury to his patient, it would seem to me, run his clinical year throughout his theological course, as is done in Antioch College and Cincinnati University. By such a method of joint study and clinical demonstration, his studies would take on a new meaning.

A clinical year would help the theological student to realize that his preaching will be of value to the extent that he can convince his hearers that moral and spiritual strength comes, not by belief or precept, but by applying the principles and motives of Christ to the complex and difficult problems of the individual under present day conditions.

HENRY C. WRIGHT

THE suggestion is admirable. We do need careful and supervised training in translating the religion of Jesus into the life of our time. Students can well be given laboratory training in this work while they are still in the theological seminary. Dr. Cabot has confined his recommendations primarily to the hospital and the insane asylum. I believe the plan should be adopted in connection with these institutions, but it ought also to become a part of the life of the prison and the jail, the factory and the department store. To some extent theological seminaries are experimenting along this line already. Students are placed in charge of small churches and assist in larger ones during their theological education. The difficulty is that at present they are sent only where they can be paid and there is not sufficient supervision.

Dr. Cabot's idea is admirable and should be carried out, but it should not be confined to the purely personal problems of individuals. It should also be applicable to social and economic conditions as well. The student should be definitely given a chance to minister to individual need and community need. He should have a chance to assist those who are sick, feeble-minded, or in prison, and also to meet some concrete social need such as better playgrounds, helping organized labor, investigating the wages of department store girls, and constructive measures for community recreation.

JEROME DAVIS

THIS proposal has my hearty approval. For fifteen years I was an inspector of almshouses, hospitals for the sick and the insane, institutions for dependent, delinquent and defective children, and other public institutions. In many of these institutions religious services are held by local clergymen or laymen, Salvation Army workers, Christian Science workers, and others, without any systematic or continuous work. It is the exception when instituions of this class have a resident chaplain. As a rule there is no pastoral or religious work. Such work wisely and intelligently done is of the utmost value not only as a matter of comfort and consolation to the inmates but as a therapeutic measure.

Dr. Cabot does not mention one of the most important fields for clinical work, namely, the public prisons. Most of the state prisons and the large county workhouses and houses of correction have regular chaplains, resident or non-resident: Protestant, Catholic, and sometimes Jewish; but in many such prisons the amount of personal and individual work is very limited. It is the exception when county and city jails have such officers. Religious services are held in many jails, and sheriffs or superintendents of jails cheerfully give opportunity for them. Usually these services are helpful, but often they are conducted by inexperienced or fanatical people who do more harm than good; but there is almost a total absence of the kind of personal and individual work which Dr. Cabot describes.

The beginner in crime usually has his first experience in a jail. He is shocked, penitent, (*Continued on page* 457)

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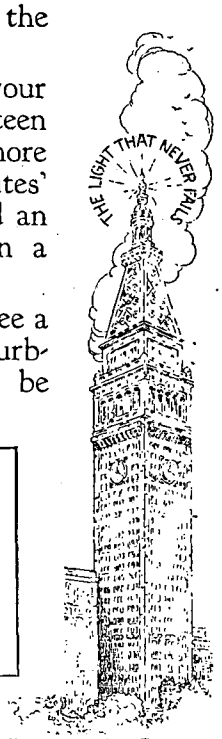

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THE CLINICAL YEAR: A SYMPOSIUM

(*Continued from page* 454)

and accessible to reformatory influences. That is the moment of opportunity which calls for wise and careful treatment. Perhaps one-fourth of the jail prisoners are of this class. Often the hardened criminal will make ardent professions of penitence if he thinks he can "work" the worker to secure a mitigation of his penalty, while the inexperienced prisoner, humiliated and ashamed, will keep in the background. Those who need these offices must be sought out by wise and discriminating effort.

Recently efforts have been made to interest the clergymen of the different denominations throughout the country in jail prisoners but with very moderate success. Here is a field which should be cultivated. HASTINGS H. HART

I BELIEVE what Dr. Cabot suggests is deeply needed. I would raise the question, however, as to whether it would be better to have this clinical year interwoven throughout the course in certain periods of work in afternoons and evenings, rather than confined to one separate year.

There is a great advantage in combining theoretical and practical work. A man too tired to study may find it a change and stimulus if he turns to practical activity. This in turn sends him back with greater purpose to his theoretical study, which assumes deeper meaning. After thirty years of work, I am myself taking a Sabbatical year for study at this time. I find it far more significant and helpful as I face the problems in the light of practical needs and the immediate application of new truth discovered.

I would make one further suggestion. Practically all the topics deal with those who are physically or mentally sick. If to these you could add clinical treatment of those who are spiritually in need, it would complete this practical course. I believe this to be the most important of the three and one in which most men are as ignorant as they are of the other two.

If to a personnel of men like Dr. Cabot and Dr. Worcester, there were added a man like the Reverend Samuel Shoemaker of Calvary Episcopal Church in New York, then I think this practical course would be complete. Mr. Shoemaker is not only a trained expert in dealing with spiritually sick individuals, after the method known so well by Henry Drummond, but he combines a passion for this work, coupled with an efficient technique.

SHERWOOD EDDY

WAR AND THE STAGE

(*Continued from page* 445)

of farce. They dared not be serious, but this Broadway play-maker is serious because he trusts the people, and he writes down the tragedy of one home in Vienna from 1914 to 1919. There is only one set—a living room—and through it parades war, with forever its tramping feet in our ears.

The author-hero drops his playing with pacifism when the drums begin to beat; he quarrels with and would even kill the English chum he had but a day before loved; soon arrives the greasy profiteer wrapped in furs and cigar smoke; the heroine waits, and waits, and her professor father loses his university job because he hates war with the hatred born of science, perhaps the bitterest hatred of all; they give back to a peasant cook a mortgage worth ten thousand crowns for six eggs for the starving baby; news of the hero's death leaves the girl stone-dead save for her baby; then Mars reaches back and takes the baby almost as an afterthought; two shell-shocked boys come back, one the husband of the girl's chum, and he is hysterical and useless and a burden forever on his wife—and all because they thought some one else was The Enemy!

Here is not the politics of war nor the economics, but the biology. You sit amazed as war argument after war argument is faced with reality; and lesson after lesson flung in the teeth of an audience that a few years ago was hurrahing when pacifists went to jail for saying these things. We are shown war from the other side, and perceive the Germans were taught to believe about England and America the things we were told to believe about them. This play shows we have regained our freedom of speech. It is good to have the truth put before the common people who always pay for wars. But the question remains: can you reason with herd fear? Pollock puts it himself in terms of author's hero's own play and his own response. Will they remember when the drums begin to beat?

SHAW, *by J. S. Collis. Alfred A. Knopf. 191 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

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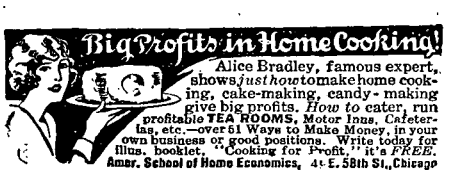
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